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ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR, FIVE, SIX, SEVEN, EIGHT—the wallops of an awakening Westland upon the apostles of the Administration of, by, and for Big Business. The myth of Economy Cal is fading; the fact of Millionaire Mellon, the real Best Mind who shapes the so-called Coolidge program, is dawning on middle-class America. Gerald Nye has swept North Dakota, defeating Mr. Coolidge's man Hanna for United States Senator, and the Nonpartisan League, which supported Nye, has also nominated its candidate for Governor. Norbeck of South Dakota defeated his Coolidge-indorsed opponent; Watson and Robinson in Indiana defied the President's orders but won their renominations; McKinley of Illinois, Pepper of Pennsylvania, Stanfield of Oregon, and Cummins of Iowa, all staunch Coolidge men, have gone under in the primaries—and in all these weary months not one Coolidge candidate has won at the polls. The Keep-Kool-with-Koolidge slogan has lost its force.

OUT IN THE WEST the farmers know why they are discontented—because the Government which subsidizes Big Business refuses to countenance similar aid to farmers. A good old-fashioned war against the tariff seems to be in germination. That is well enough in its way—the sins of the protective tariff can hardly be overdrawn—but the good old-fashioned tariff war is not good enough. The American people have been arguing the tariff for a century, and where are they? The Democrats, generally speaking, are low-tariff folks, but the record of the Democrats in Washington is a record of fiddling and footling. Shall we simply put into office the men who, while talking desultorily about the tariff, helped give away Muscle Shoals and assisted Mr. Mellon to put through his tax relief for millionaires? These men have no philosophy; they do not see or understand the real problem of freeing America from its domination by millionaires; and if the 1926 movement of revolt rides on their coat-tails it will get nowhere at all.

LA FOLLETTE'S PROGRESSIVE MOVEMENT in 1924 promised for a moment to give American politics a new orientation. But the leader was old and tired; and the lieutenants lacked courage and energy; despite the record of five million votes the army disintegrated. Will the new revolt go further? Signs of hope are scant. Agrarian discontent rises and falls, throughout American history, in inverse proportion to the price of wheat; it lacks steady fuel value. The labor movement, meanwhile, is playing pusillanimously safe. The old leaders fight new movements harder than they fight the industrial bosses; and they do not dare give themselves to a political movement which cannot claim immediate success. That is the vice of hustling America: it demands P. D. Q. results; it is impatient with attempts to plan before building. The apathetic aimlessness of politics in the East is typified by the situation in Pennsylvania. The Republican organization stands convicted of mass corruption, but it expects to win at the polls. Senator Norris, pleading in this issue of *The Nation* for decent Republicans to vote Democratic, is thus far almost a lone voice in his besotted party.

BY A WAVE OF HIS WAND Mussolini has reestablished the nine-hour day in Italian industry. Thus the most precious possession of European labor, the eight-hour day, is abolished without discussion or appeal on the part of the workers. Where are the vaunted Fascist labor unions now? The dictator nods and they submit. The Italian workers, without the power to strike, cheated out of their own labor unions, with appallingly low wages and with lengthened hours, have only one thing left—the right to work—when Mussolini lets them work. Mussolini's emergency measures are all proposed in the name of national economy, but, as usual, they fall most heavily upon the workers. Business is not disturbed. Real wages in Italian industry have gone steadily down since the Fascist dictatorship was established. Last year they averaged less than a dollar a day in the leading industries; in buying power they were about 85 per cent of the 1922 level.

CANADA HAS BEEN PLUNGED into a bitter parliamentary election campaign by the defeat in quick succession of two premiers, Mackenzie King, Liberal, and Arthur Meighen, Conservative. Mr. King, whose majority in Parliament depended upon the cooperation of the Progressives, had been in constant danger of defeat since the election in October, 1925; his downfall finally came in connection with scandals in the customs administration. The defeated premier immediately asked Governor General Byng (who is appointed by the King) to dissolve Parlia-

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ment and call an election, but the Governor General refused and summoned Arthur Meighen, leader of the Conservative Party, which actually outnumbers the Liberal Party in Parliament. When the Meighen Government was defeated by a margin of one vote through the opposition of the Progressives, Parliament was dissolved and an election called for September. The Conservatives thus, by action of the King's representative, have the tactical advantage of holding office—and patronage—during the campaign. Free trade and the customs scandals would naturally be the leading issues, but all that may be forgotten in the bitter fight which Mackenzie King has started against the powers of the viceroy. The battle-cry of Canadian freedom has been raised. The West will line up against Quebec in a struggle that is bound to be desperate.

IT IS NICE to be the president of a republic and still nicer to be a self-elected one, or practically such, like Louis Borno of Haiti. Unlike Mr. Coolidge Mr. Borno does not have to worry about reelection, because he appoints the Council of State that casts the votes. But like Mr. Coolidge he has to please the financial interests of the United States or lose his job—self-elected or otherwise. Apparently he is still *persona grata* with those interests, for he has just concluded a visit to the United States, in the course of which Wall Street paid him special honor, concluding with a farewell luncheon by Charles E. Mitchell, president of the National City Bank. Mr. Mitchell dilated on the progress in Haiti since the United States had established what he benignly termed its "protectorate." Mr. Borno's visit had done much, he said, to convince American business men that Haiti was now a safe field for them. It looks that way. Haiti is now safe for almost everybody except the Haitians.

TO FREE CUBA was one of the professed objects of the United States in going to war with Spain twenty-eight years ago, just as to make the world safe for democracy was one of our reasons for entering the world conflict in 1917. The first purpose has been realized hardly more successfully than the second. Leland Hamilton Jenks, formerly of the history department of Amherst College, made a study of conditions in Cuba last winter, and had this to say at the summer conference of the League for Industrial Democracy:

> After we had conducted an election and turned Cuba over to the Cubans in 1909, we commenced a policy of continuous intermeddling in Cuban affairs. This was a policy in flagrant violation of the pledges given by President McKinley and Elihu Root at the time the Platt amendment was adopted. . . . Our interference culminated after the financial crisis of 1920 when the bottom dropped out of the sugar market.
>
> General Crowder was sent to Cuba on a battleship as "personal representative" of the President. This was a status not known in international law. It was lawless. If it meant anything it meant that Crowder impersonated the President of the United States in Cuba. It became menacing when our Minister to Cuba resigned, and we remained without ordinary diplomatic intercourse with the island. Crowder addressed himself directly to the President of Cuba in tones of authority, not through diplomatic channels. He upset one Cabinet and approved the naming of successors, who were naturally more solicitous to please him than to satisfy the elected President of Cuba.

FORTY THOUSAND WORKERS in the ladies' garment industry of New York have gone on strike. The controversies which led up to the strike are not simple. The ladies' garment industry by virtue of our erratic tastes in style is a peculiar one. Seventy-five per cent of the clothing made is farmed out by jobbers to small contractors. The jobbers are really middlemen, but they are the only responsible parties capable of making an agreement for most of the industry. Governor Smith's Advisory Commission, appointed to investigate the evils of the industry, described the jobbers in these words:

> This outside system of production is fraught with waste to all concerned. Counting all the partners in the submanufacturing shops, there are several thousand men whose energies are mostly spent in going from one jobber to another in search of orders. . . . The greatest burden of waste falls upon the workers through shortened seasons and through substandard conditions of employment. . . . When work is scarce, as it usually is except for a few weeks in each season, the workers are told that in order to meet the exigencies of price competition and to bring some work into the shop, they must enter into secret arrangements contrary to the minimum labor standards which have been agreed upon and which are pretty successfully enforced in the larger shops of the inside manufacturers. . . .
>
> From an industrial point of view this is chaotic and demoralizing. Were it practicable, *the workers would be justified in taking the stand that they would work only in inside shops and would refuse to work in outside shops where they were removed from all direct contact with the owners of the capital involved* [italics ours].

THE INTERNATIONAL LADIES' GARMENT WORKERS UNION in the present strike seeks to compel the jobbers to be responsible for the labor conditions in their contractors' shops. The jobbers could maintain union conditions by sending work only to registered contractors approved by the union, who might be compelled to give bond that they would maintain labor standards. If a jobber is caught sending work to any unsatisfactory outside shop, then all workers in contract shops doing his work would strike until the offending contractor had reformed. By a similar method the Amalgamated Clothing Workers has handled the less serious problems of small contractors in the manufacture of men's garments. The strikers are also demanding the forty-hour week and a guaranty of thirty-six weeks of continuous employment, but these demands are unimportant compared with the demand for organized responsibility on the part of the employers. In the background of the strike is the fact that the workers are demanding more than Governor Smith's Advisory Commission recommended as an immediate solution; there is also a bitter controversy between Rights and Lefts in which the Lefts have emerged triumphant in control of the union. We hope that both wings of the union will see the necessity of a united struggle toward a constructive end.

NEW YORK CITY is having another subway strike, and some of the newspapers ask how the strikers expect to get higher wages out of a nearly bankrupt company. Well, the nearly bankrupt company spent $2,025,481 to break the 1916 strike, and we do not doubt it will find banks willing to lend it money to pay strike-breakers twice the meager wages it pays its regular workers. (A responsible motorman gets about $36 a week—half a carpenter's wages in the city.) The sudden strike is undoubtedly inconvenient to the

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public, but a public that refuses to accept any responsibility in time of industrial peace must bear the brunt of industrial war. Did anyone really think that labor troubles were ended forever when General Manager Hedley smashed the regular union in 1916 and installed a hand-picked "company union" in its place to delude the public if not the men? Or will it take another disaster due to the use of inexperienced strike-breakers to rouse the public to demand that men who hold its lives in their fingers be decently paid for their work at the throttle?

A THIN LINE separates loyalty to established institutions from treason to human beings. When the executive council of the American Federation of Labor denounced the Passaic strike because there were Communists among its leaders it committed treason to labor in the name of official labor loyalty. While 10,000 strikers and their families are fighting against intolerable conditions, the United Textile Workers, the only A. F. of L. union in the textile industry, is circulating the June copy of its official organ, the *Textile Worker*, with large display advertisements from the three firms on strike, Forstmann and Huffmann, Botany Worsted Mills, and Gera Mills. That looks like accepting pay for treason. Nearly all the advertising in the issue is paid for by large textile manufacturers many of whom are bitter opponents of unionism, and there is not an item about the Passaic strike. The only bits of Passaic news printed by this so-called organ of the textile workers are of this ilk:

> Since the beer, ice-cream, and soda season is upon us again, with a diminishing of activities in official organization work, we are going to indulge in a little personal gossip of Branch 17, its members and the shop. . . . The volley ball season has again opened up on the Onyx Courts with most of the old stars warming up. . . .
>
> Spring not only brought flowers but several Dodges and Auburns with an occasional Nash to the Passaic Knitters. We are pleased to note that Earl White has at last discarded his old war horse, "Flivver"—may she rest in peace. Horses are still allowed on the road even though John Duffy needs most of the road for his new Chevrolet.

A RACE RIOT IN THE NORTH is properly the occasion for Southern comment upon Northern self-righteousness. The burning of the Negro First Baptist Church in Carteret, New Jersey, in April and the ejection of more than a hundred Negro residents from their homes by a white mob were shocking outbreaks of white violence. But some of the Southern comment went wide of the mark. The July *Crisis* quotes the Little Rock (Arkansas) *Gazette* as saying that race clashes in the South "do not spring from economic roots" and that Southern mob victims are "almost invariably guilty of an atrocious crime." That is a hoary myth which facts disprove. The Houston (Texas) *Post-Dispatch* declares that "in the South, while individual Negroes are attacked, the Negro race as such is never molested," but the Memphis (Tennessee) *News-Scimitar* thinks that the Southerner draws the race line but "accepts the Negro individual for what he is." Two recent Northern outbreaks, one in Brooklyn, New York, the other in Beverly, New Jersey, are worth studying. The Brooklyn riot was caused by white resentment at the residence of Negroes in the neighborhood and by Negro resentment at the white resentment. It appears that the Negro resentment was the hotter of the two, for Negroes opened the hostilities. The cause of the fighting in Beverly is undetermined, but both Negroes and whites were arrested. In Carteret, we recall, the police arrested the Negro accused of killing a white man, and extended protection to the innocent Negro community. There was no lynching in any of these riots, and no unpunished demonstration of white lordship. It might well be argued that these riots were less signs of Northern brutality than of Negro health. Where in the South would a Negro dare to move into a white community? In the North he moves in, defends himself against white violence, and if he loses the fight he has a chance of winning before the law, as did the Sweets in Detroit.

THE DAMNED SOULS SOCIETY of the University of Rochester is suing Clinton Howard, prohibition orator, for $10,000 damages for libel because he is alleged to have called them perverts, moral degenerates, and intellectual morons. The society is composed of five students, headed by a 19-year-old ex-Catholic freshman, who champion the cause of atheism. When their suit came into the courts Justice Rodenbeck ordered them to prove that atheism was normal, thus establishing their own mental normality. But why should these atheist students prove the normality of atheism? New truth is always abnormal. Shelley was dismissed from Oxford in 1811 for writing "The Necessity of Atheism" and the world has ever since done honor to his abnormality. There are a number of reasons why we would like to see these Rochester students get enough damages from Clinton Howard to complete their college education. In the first place, they probably need the education. And then, Mr. Howard is one of the champion featherweight vilifiers of the country.

HEYWOOD BROUN said it so well that there is no reason to rewrite this little sermon on censorship and the death of a bad play, from the New York *World*:

> "Bunk of 1926" has closed. It was not killed by the play jury, the district attorney, or the police. Lack of public patronage caused it to shut up shop. It is said the producers lost approximately $80,000 on their venture. Throughout the run the piece had only one good week, which came at the time steps were taken to suppress the performance.
>
> And it seems to me that the moral of all this is that the community can very well afford to let the public decide for itself. It is no longer possible to put a show over merely by hinting that it is shocking. Theatergoers have come of age and need no guardianship.

THE EASTWARD PROGRESS of Western civilization has at least one sure index in that symbol of energy which has converted the jaws of the nation into a machine of perpetual motion. With the American industry producing fifty million dollars' worth of chewing gum a year—an increase of 17 per cent in 1925 over its record in 1923—Mr. Wrigley has announced an energetic foreign policy for the next year. Germany, he finds, is making rapid progress, but France is hampered by financial instability—quite naturally, for the repeated dropping of the French jaw in alarm at the falling franc must seriously interfere with the chewing of *friande à mâcher*. In the Far East the index is revealing, with Mr. Wrigley's business progressing well in Japan, but "not so well in China." China must really be a backward nation.

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For Sale—48,000,000 Horses

THE fight for the control of the St. Lawrence River water-power has begun in earnest. Roy Finch, New York State Engineer, has recommended private development of the project with the possibility of State ownership after fifty years; Governor Smith stands squarely for public ownership and development now. The New York battle is typical of the whole struggle of private against public interests for control of America's power. The St. Lawrence project is big in itself (it is estimated that it would provide four times the power that can be generated at Muscle Shoals), but it is only one of many giants that the power industry is raising up to serve or enslave us. The force of 48,000,000 horses lies hidden in the dynamos of our present power system. They are clean, swift horses, the strongest and most obedient that the world has ever known. They can empty our slums into garden cities or they can accentuate the difference between green-lawned suburbs and gray Passaic.

If Congress should attempt merely to destroy the great power combinations which are gradually extending their control, the only people to profit would be a few oratorical politicians trained in capitalizing the voters' antipathy to Wall Street. Nor is the old program of municipal ownership adequate to meet the present crisis in power development. City ownership of electric plants is usually an excellent thing for the consumer, but the generation and transmission of power is becoming State-wide and nation-wide in its scope. Small municipal generating plants are often unable to compete with large privately owned ones. When they sell out to private owners there is great glee in the camp of the power interests, but their occasional failure is not so much a failure of public ownership as a failure of small-scale production. The situation demands a national program of power development and control.

If the United States were suddenly faced with a war, such a program would be worked out in a month. Why should not a program of national service be worked out in time of peace? Or in our present war of man against nature, of the consumer against high prices, of the worker against low wages—an ugly, endless war in which millions suffer daily for the want of proper rationing of food, clothes, houses, health, vacations, and security? If we could act as the economic generalissimo in that endless war we would map out a national program for power development that would begin with two modest but important steps:

1. National or State development of the chief water-power resources, notably Boulder Dam, Muscle Shoals, and the St. Lawrence. These great water resources are the most vulnerable spots in the private-power program. The government already owns the water at these points and a strong minority in Congress stands for the public development of the water-power. Just as the Ontario hydro-electric development smashed the skepticism of Canada in regard to public ownership of power, so a few similar experiments in this country would smash the bugaboo, the so-called "failure of public ownership," which is kept alive by the shoutings of the *Saturday Evening Post* and the allied power interests.

Although Congress has adjourned without taking any action on power development there is an excellent chance that a beginning will be made at the next session. The Boulder Dam project is almost won for the public. Senate Bill 3331, if carried by the Senate, will appropriate $125,000,000 for the dam, an all-American Canal, and a power house which would yield 3.6 billion kilowatt hours at only 3 mills per kilowatt, paying for the whole project in twenty-five years. After Boulder Dam comes Muscle Shoals, which is now generating power at the rate of 670 million kilowatt hours a year and selling to private companies. In spite of the Coolidge proposal to lease Muscle Shoals to private interests for fifty years the project may yet be redeemed for public development, with the aid of progressive additions from the Middle West to the senatorial phalanx led by Senator Norris. The St. Lawrence project is still in the dream stage, but it may reach completion before Muscle Shoals and Boulder Dam, because of the demand of New York business interests.

These water-power projects present no insuperable obstacles to public development. The water is ours, and the federal law provides that we cannot lease this water irrevocably to any private interest for more than fifty years. We can do more than generate power at these centers; we can construct our own distributive system. And since the cost of power to the consumer is about one-fifth generation and four-fifths distribution, it is important that the public ownership of water-power should include the public development of the main transmission lines for that power.

2. A more aggressive federal regulation system for all power companies. This is required to prevent the theft of too much wealth by the power interests while the public is waking up to its own responsibilities. It is more important than the development of water-power, because about two-thirds of all our power is produced by coal. We need a definite contractual arrangement between the government and all the power companies establishing the present valuation as a base for all future rate negotiations; otherwise our grandchildren will be mulcted out of billions of dollars.

Today the great steam-generating power plants are regulated by the public-service commissions of the various States. These public-service commissions are overworked with a mass of rate disputes which demand immediate action. They have little time to guard the consumer against the dangers of overcapitalization. Twenty-four States have no legislation at all for the control of security issues by the power companies. New combinations are reported almost daily in the press; last year's power investments totaled seven and one-half billion; and Wall Street acts on the assumption that anything is worth what a sucker will pay for it. If we ever succeed in nationalizing the power system we may have to pay twice what it is worth—as we shall have to do for the railroads. Today we even pay the power companies' bills for fighting against us. If we ask for cheaper electric lights from a public-service commission, the private companies hire costly experts to dispute our claims, then ask for rates which cover all their expenses and include the experts in their expense account!

A federal regulation system would naturally begin with a law giving some federal body the same authority over the financing of all power companies doing interstate business which is now exercised over water-power companies. That authority would be similar to the authority of the Inter-

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state Commerce Commission over railroads. A new federal power body would be necessary, because the present Federal Power Commission, composed of three overworked cabinet members (the Secretaries of War, Agriculture, and the Navy), is inadequate for such a task. They have done effective service in water-power development, but they have no legal authority to create an adequate regulatory system for the steam-generating power plants which dominate the Eastern field.

A more extensive program would be doomed to death by the opposition of power interests and reactionary political groups. There is no virile movement toward public ownership in this country today. Believers in public ownership should begin the fight for publicly controlled power by creating samples of successful public enterprise, the while guarding carefully against the worst abuses of private monopoly.

Big Brother or Big Bully

WHAT are we up to in Nicaragua now? With the withdrawal of our marines from that republic last year, and the resumption of control by Nicaragua of its bank and railways, there appeared to be hope that the long period of interference on the part of the United States had ended. Vain expectation! When we are not interfering for the selfish advantage of big business, we seem destined to be meddling for what defenders of such a policy would doubtless call "Nicaragua's own good." We are playing either the big bully or the big brother. And a policy that permits us to play the big brother allows us also to play the big bully.

It will be recalled that the present President of Nicaragua, General Chamorro, obtained office last year by forcing out his predecessor. General Chamorro belongs to a party and a family that have long been serviceable to the commercial interest of the United States, but we have refused to recognize him because of the treaty signed in 1923 with Central American republics in which it was mutually agreed that recognition would be refused to governments set up by force. Commenting on this action in our issue of June 23 we observed that the Department of State was deserving of credit for logically standing by its announced policy in an instance where it worked against our interests. But we added: "Whether the policy itself is a sound one is another matter. *The Nation* believes that the old practice of international law, by which any established government is recognized regardless of origin, is wiser and less provocative of meddling in other people's affairs."

Recent news from Nicaragua seems designed expressly to bear out the last sentence. Advices received by Nicaraguans in this country, if accurate, indicate that our chargé d'affaires at Managua has been conducting what amounts to a deliberate and organized attempt to drive General Chamorro out of office. A telegram from President Chamorro himself, dated June 10, says, when translated:

> The American chargé d'affaires, Mr. Dennis, came today to see me and notified me that he was going to undertake a campaign to enlighten the Nicaraguan people about the necessity of forcing me to retire from power, and that in case I did not retire voluntarily the United States would compel me by force, because it was going to accomplish its purpose whether I was willing or not. . . . He has already had the first handbill distributed.

Another telegram says that on June 15 Mr. Dennis called a meeting at the legation of various members of the Conservative Party (that of General Chamorro) to discuss the situation and had previously made public a statement in which he said that "my Government cherishes the hope that the Nicaraguan people by a return to a constitutional form of government will make it possible for the United States Government to extend recognition to such a government and to enter into formal diplomatic relations therewith."

All this, it must be obvious, is an entirely different thing from merely refusing to recognize an existing regime because it was set up by force. It is a practical invitation to the friends of General Chamorro to desert him as they would a sinking ship—and to his opponents to overthrow him by any means at their command. When one recalls that President Cleveland sent a British ambassador packing because he indicated a preference in a pending presidential election, one realizes the extent of the breach of diplomatic etiquette and practice of which we are guilty in Nicaragua.

But the Department of State and the sponsors of the treaty of 1923 will reply that the intrigue is for "Nicaragua's own good." We don't doubt for a minute that in their opinion it is. And that's precisely the point we would make against a treaty that prevents the recognition in Central America of a government that is set up by force. Our own republic could not have been recognized in 1776 under such a rule. To decide if a country has what Mr. Dennis piously calls "a constitutional form of government" involves a judgment upon its domestic affairs which cannot well be neutral. It is none of our business to play either the big brother or the big bully in Latin America or elsewhere. We are rapidly becoming the world's worst meddler both at home and abroad. And we won't get back to legitimate international practices until we cancel the Central American treaty of 1923.

The Cruelty of Censorship

MANY of our readers are probably familiar from newspaper accounts with the main facts of the censorship of the *New Masses* by the Post Office Department. A copy of the May issue, with which the magazine made its first appearance, was sent to Washington with an application for second-class mailing privileges. Instead of receiving such privileges, the editors were presently informed that the issue was unmailable in any way under the statutory provision forbidding the postal service to lewd or obscene matter. No specifications were given, but when a representative of the periodical went to Washington in person one brief poem, the general tone of a story, and several passages from other contributions were cited.

Now, it happens that in all the press comments in regard to the first issue of the *New Masses*—including considerable that was not favorable—we had not seen any complaint that the magazine was improper up to the time of the ruling of the Post Office. It would seem odd, with the array of periodicals nowadays intentionally catering to vulgar and prurient instincts, that a serious-minded purposeful publication like the *New Masses*—whatever its

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shortcomings—should be singled out for censorship. But there is a reason. The real sin was not obscenity but heterodoxy—the fact that the magazine attacked current economic and political beliefs. As the editors say in the July issue: "We do not believe that if the verse or prose in question had appeared in any magazine with a more conventional economic point of view—or none at all—it would have met with censorship." We don't either.

The *New Masses* was not greatly injured. At the time of the Post Office's ruling the May issue had already been mailed to subscribers and no ban has been placed upon the subsequent issues. Newsstands sales, of course, were increased by the publicity. But the by-products of such actions are frequently more damaging than the direct results, and it has proved so in this instance. Although the objections of the postal officials were based upon the work of a considerable number of contributors, only one name became public, that of Hal Saunders White, a young man of the highest character and a poet of promise. Mr. White was an instructor in English last winter in Yale University and has a contract with the University of Montana to teach in its summer school this year. But when Mr. White arrived in Missoula to take up his duties he was not allowed to do so. The university officials, quailing before newspaper publicity and afraid to risk their jobs in a stand for academic freedom, told Mr. White he could not teach and made every effort to get him to resign. Fortunately he has refused to do this. The issue between him and the university is a plain one of sticking by or repudiating a contract. Mr. White is under no obligation to apologize for or to defend his poem; it is no part of his work for the university. If the university were a private individual there should not be the slightest difficulty in enforcing such a contract through the courts. But a State, if it chooses, may break its word and set up its sovereign rights in defense. Is it possible that the great State of Montana will be guilty of so dishonorable and so mean a course?

Dr. Hanbury Hankin Says:

ON more than one occasion in the past American captains of industry have been known to take a fling in their own crude way at higher education, but it has remained for an English physician, an M. A. and a late fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, to turn the logic which he learned at the university against logic itself. In his volume called "Common Sense and Its Cultivation" which Dutton's have just brought out in this country he proves, to his own satisfaction at least, just why it is that both knowledge and the power of orderly thought are very undesirable possessions indeed. Others have charged that colleges do not teach people to think, but it is the gravamen of this author's charge that they do.

Business men, says Dr. Hanbury Hankin (for such is his name), judge well because they judge unconsciously. Somewhere below the surface of that every-day self of theirs which amazes the learned by its ignorance and the logical by the number and brilliance of its apparent non-sequiturs lies an unconscious mind which uses the knowledge it does not know that it has and follows processes of deduction which it cannot understand. Like those mathematical prodigies who perform unconsciously the most intricate arithmetical calculations without having the least idea how they do them and who generally appear more than ordinarily stupid in regard to everything else, your man of affairs arrives at his conclusion quickly and surely without ever taking the trouble to make his process conscious or running the risk of error involved in the intricacies of formal thought. To the vast irritation of the thinker he apparently jumps to the right conclusion hours before the logician has laboriously arrived at the wrong one, because he really thinks with his unconscious mind instead of trying to think with his consciousness.

Hence, Dr. Hankin concludes—by logic, we fear, rather than by intuition—education is useless. But that is not the worst. Education, by loading the mind with facts and encouraging one to remember them, prevents knowledge from disappearing into that apparent forgetfulness where it would be really useful and teaches one to rely upon that very deceitful instrument, conscious reason. Your college don goes out into the world with the surface of his mind cluttered up with irrelevant information and his natural judgment corrupted by the habit of logical thought; no wonder he goes down in the struggle for life before the young man whose knowledge is stored safely in his forgetfulness and who thinks without knowing it.

Dr. Hankin would, however, prefer to reform education rather than abolish it. Hitherto it has proceeded upon a false theory and hence achieved undesirable results. Of late years, especially, the attempt has been made to develop education programs which would be useful in content and interesting in method, with the result that students have tended both to remember what they learned and to contract a taste for conscious mental processes, whereas the most useful education would be one which, while providing certain mental exercises for the mind, would leave no burden of fact behind and would encourage no habit of conscious thought. Hence history, literature, and the sciences should be ejected from the places which they have recently won in curricula and yield their places to such things as the declensions of foreign language, which are neither interesting nor logical. By way of specific suggestion Dr. Hankin recommends to our attention the educational system of the Baniya caste of successful traders in India, which contents itself with teaching to the young almost nothing except a set of multiplication tables in fractions which go after the following fashion: Four and a half times one and a half are six and three-quarters; four and a half times two and a half are eleven and a quarter; four and a half times three and a half are fifteen and three-quarters.

Dr. Hankin—whose book is not, as might at first be suspected, a work of elaborate irony—conducts his argument largely by the method of illustrative anecdote, proving, for example, that the untrained mind judges better than the trained one by telling jokes on college professors and captains of finance. This is not an unassailable technique of scientific inquiry, but we shall not undertake any attack upon his conclusions and shall content ourselves with the remark that, sympathizing as we do with the classical philosophers, who held that contemplation rather than success in business was the ultimate end of life, we are glad we got our education before Dr. Hankin instituted his reforms, and that humble as is our position in the world we would not exchange it for wealth and that merely unconscious mind which seems necessary for its attainment. That, however, is merely a matter of taste.

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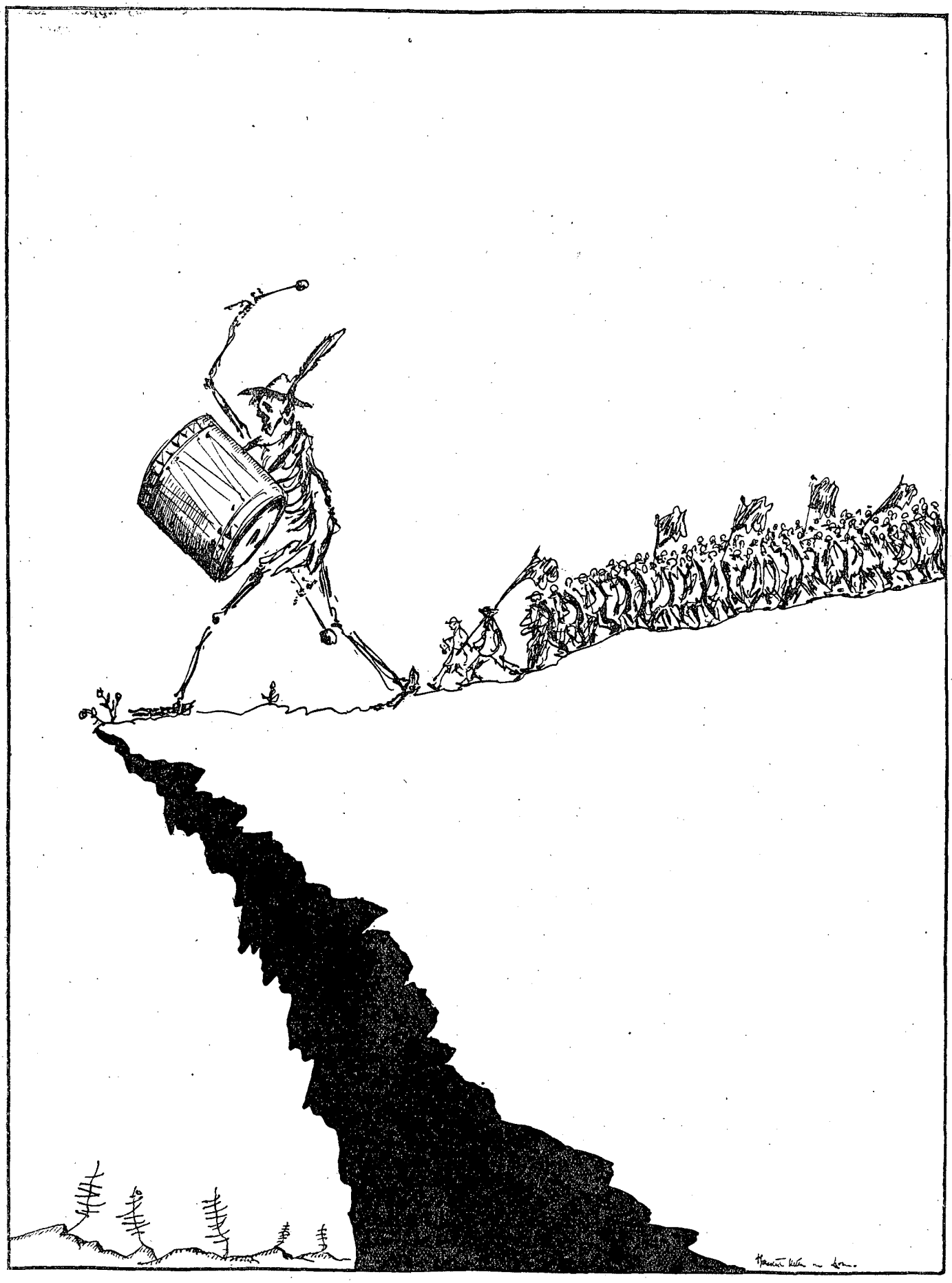

Propaganda!

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The Pennsylvania Patriot's Duty: Elect a Democrat

By GEORGE W. NORRIS,

Republican United States Senator from Nebraska

THE perpetuity of the American government depends upon the free and uncoerced exercise of citizenship by the citizens. A democracy cannot exist if the people are too ignorant to exercise the franchise intelligently, or if the citizens are denied the right of suffrage or coerced in the use of it. If elections are controlled, through the manipulation of machine politicians and political bosses, by the use of immense quantities of money, the result is the same as if they were determined by military force at the point of a bayonet. Self-government ceases to exist.

A primary election is just as important as the general election. It is even more important in Pennsylvania, where, under any ordinary circumstances, no one but a Republican stands any show of election. The total salary of the Senator to be elected in Pennsylvania will be, in six years, $60,000, and yet in the recent Republican primary, to elect a nominee for that party, $3,000,000 was expended. A few years ago the nation was shocked by the disclosure that a little less than $200,000 had been spent in the Michigan primary. The Senate, although seating Newberry, solemnly declared that the expenditure of such amounts of money was contrary to the fundamental principles of our government, and denounced it in the severest of terms. In obedience to the demands of an incensed nation Senator Newberry had to resign from the Senate. After all, public sentiment is the strongest law and the most effective governmental force in civilization. When organized and crystallized in behalf of an honest, free citizenship it can overcome the intrigue and the demoralizing evil influence of the greatest of political machines. But in the light of recent disclosures in Pennsylvania, the machine behind Newberry in Michigan was a tight-wad.

If the Senate of the United States is to be controlled by men securing their right to serve in that body by the expenditure of huge sums of money, the liberties of the people will disappear and the ultimate destruction of our government will follow as surely and as naturally as the rising and the setting of the sun. If the special interests are willing to spend $3,000,000 to control one vote in the Senate, what can be expected from the highest law-making body in the land? Does any one believe that the manufacturers represented by Mr. Grundy, or that the interests represented by Mr. Mellon, do not expect a return for their cash? They not only expect their money to be returned—they expect a high rate of interest on their political investment. How much better it would be if the Senatorship were openly placed upon the auction-block and millionaires boldly and openly invited to bid for the coveted prize! If we are to sell public office as we do chattels, why not do it openly and let the contributions be paid into the Treasury of the United States?

Are we helpless? Must we who do not live in Pennsylvania say that after all this is a matter entirely under the control of that State when the men who have spent their money there expect to get it back through national legislation? The taxpayers of the Pacific Coast, of the great Middle West, of the South, of the North, of New England will have to share the burden with their fellow-citizens of Pennsylvania, for after all, these millions were only an investment and we will be expected to pay them back tenfold. The Senator-elect from Pennsylvania will help make laws for every State in the Union; and the citizens of California or of Maine are as much concerned in the issues involved as the people of Pennsylvania.

Does Pennsylvania realize that in electing a Senator it acts for the nation as well as for itself? Do Pennsylvanians understand that if they permit their millionaires to buy a seat in the United States Senate, we must extend the same privilege to every other State and to every other combination of millionaires? It seems to be taken for granted that Mr. Vare, the beneficiary of this public sale of public office, will be elected, and that the only remedy the country has is to demand of the Senate that it refuse to seat him. This would be a rebuke, it is true, to the methods that obtained in the Pennsylvania primary. But would it be a remedy? It must be remembered that in the primary contest in Pennsylvania the Governorship was likewise on the auction-block. The Vare machine and the Mellon machine were contending for supremacy. One machine won the Senatorship, but the other machine won the Governorship, and if Mr. Vare were elected and the Senate refused to seat him, the vacancy would be filled, by appointment, by the new Governor of Pennsylvania. Is it not fair to presume that the Governor would appoint a Senator satisfactory to the machine that gave him his own office? The result would then be that instead of having a Senator representing the Vare machine, we would have one representing the Mellon machine. The only result would be to throw out Mr. Vare and instal Mr. Mellon's man, thus giving the highest bidder the prize after all. Perhaps, if we are to sell Senatorial positions for money, it is as well to be square and let the highest bidder name the man.

Are the citizens of Pennsylvania so hidebound in politics that they will never, under any circumstances or conditions, scratch their tickets? Why should not the honest, patriotic people of that State vote for the Democratic nominee for Senator? If this condition confronted any Western State there would be no doubt of the result. The citizenry, regardless of party, would repudiate corruption and gladly avail themselves of the opportunity on election day to elect a man free from such contamination. It happens in this case that the Democratic nominee for United States Senator from Pennsylvania is a man of national reputation. He has served in the House of Representatives and made a fine record. He was the first Secretary of Labor, and in the handling of that great office gave to the country an eminently satisfactory and efficient administration; in the coming campaign, no word of criticism of his private or official life will be uttered. He is able; he is honest; he is patriotic and courageous. Only one charge will be made against him. He is a Democrat. And will Republicans heed that cry? Will Pennsylvanians put partisan politics above the duty they owe to their country? Are they going to say to the nation that party regularity stands

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higher with them than the liberties and principles that underlie a free government? In the face of a shocked nation-wide citizenship, will they blindly carry out the mandate of corrupt millionaire politicians? It is shocking to think that such corruption as obtained in the Pennsylvania primary could succeed; it would be more shocking still if the people of Pennsylvania gave it the seal of their approval in the coming election.

The election of Mr. Wilson would not only put a good man in the Senate from Pennsylvania, but it would be the most severe rebuke that could possibly be administered to a corrupt party machine. And why should Republicans not inflict this deserved chastisement of their leaders? Is it the duty of a Republican to overlook corruption in his own party and denounce it only when he finds it in the other party? If he is moved only by the one idea of purifying his own party, how can he do it better than by refusing to follow corrupt leaders? He would not stand for such things in business; he would not stand for them in his lodge or in his own family. He chastises his own children when they commit wrong, because he has a sincere desire to improve their conduct. The Republican of Pennsylvania, if he wants to make the Republican Party of his State respectable, will vote for the Democratic nominee.

Do the Republicans of Pennsylvania want a precedent for such action? These leaders who now cry "Vote the ticket straight, yellow dog and all," do not themselves practice what they preach. In Iowa a little more than a year ago Mr. Brookhart was nominated as the Republican candidate for Senator. There was no question about the regularity or the honesty of his nomination. But he had shown an independence of action that displeased the party leaders, and they called upon the people of Iowa to vote for the Democratic nominee. They spread their anti-Brookhart literature over the State, in the name of the Republican Party; the sacredness of a Republican nomination meant nothing to them when they had no strings on the nominee.

But that was not all. After the election was over and the Republican nominee had been elected and had received the certificate of election, they still kept up the fight. In the name of the Republican State Committee of Iowa they came to Washington and asked their fellow-Republicans in that body to vote for the seating of a Democrat. While this contest was pending, the Assistant Secretary of War, with the influence of a Republican President behind him, camped in the corridors of the Capitol and used every means in his power to induce Republican Senators to vote against the seating of Brookhart. The arguments used in the main were not that the Democrat had been elected and a Republican defeated, but almost universally that the Republican elected with the regular Republican nomination held views contrary to those held by the so-called Republican leaders. The result was that this powerful combination of Republican leaders nullified the voice of the voters of Iowa, threw out a Republican, and put in a Democrat.

In the face of such conduct these same leaders now demand regularity of the Republican voters of Pennsylvania. If they can justify their conduct in refusing to support Brookhart, whose nomination was honest and unquestioned, how can they demand that Pennsylvania Republicans overlook the disgraceful influences controlling the Republican primary in Pennsylvania?

I speak for millions of patriotic people throughout the length and breadth of our land, who are earnestly hoping and praying that their brethren in Pennsylvania, regardless of partisan politics, will go to the polls on election day and repudiate the political machines that are a stench in the nostrils of the nation. It cannot be that the great Keystone State, that has always been in the foremost ranks in defense of justice, liberty, and freedom, will falter when it is called upon to settle this question, not only for Pennsylvania but for the whole United States.

[The Nation *has asked the other Republican United States Senators whether they advise honest Pennsylvania Republicans to vote for Vare or Wilson. Among the early returns were: Senator Pepper—"out of town," and Senator McKinley—"suffering from sciatica." Further returns will be reported next week.*]

Cotton Goes West

By MAX STERN

KING COTTON, who counts his subjects, black and white, old and young, by the million in the South, is broadening his dominion to the far Southwest and chiefly to California. His advent into the fertile fields of the San Joaquin and Sacramento valleys has been about as sudden as the coming of the gold diggers in the rush of forty-nine. Practically overnight fruit, raisin, alfalfa, and melon lands have been transformed, as a snowstorm transforms an Eastern scene, into "fields of snowy white."

The peculiar adaptability of California climate and soil to cotton growing has been known for some time. The Imperial Valley's low, hot plains have been yielding superior and profitable cotton for more than seven years. It has been the agricultural and horticultural depression of the past few years, causing economic disaster to raisins and other fruits, that has drawn the farmers of the two great valleys of central California into the cotton belt. It was found that these valleys, with plentiful water for irrigation and with long hot summers, can produce not only more cotton per acre than any other area in the United States but a better quality. The yield here is about 370 pounds per acre as compared to the nation-wide average of 165.5 pounds, and it is entirely free from the pestiferous boll-weevil of Southern ill-fame.

Hence it has happened that with the winter's crop all picked, ginned, and baled California has awakened to find cotton up among the State's six headline crops, ranking with raisins, prunes, and oranges. Last year California harvested 77,000 bales. This year it has jumped to 130,000. The cotton fields stretching from the Lower California border up to the rice fields of the Sacramento Valley cover 170,000 acres. If the great Miller and Lux plantation goes into cotton, as is expected, next year's acreage will mount to about 400,000.

The California Development Association, the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, "Californians Incorporated,"

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and the boost clubs of the valleys unite in "pointing with pride." They point to more than seventy gins springing up through the valleys; to the two big textile mills employing hundreds of women and girls in Oakland and Los Angeles, sending out the music of the looms; to a harvest worth in raw cotton $16,500,000. San Francisco and Los Angeles, their docks piled high with bales of cotton, are vieing with each other for the honor of being called the "New Orleans of the Pacific Coast," with San Francisco claiming the lead. The hydro-electric companies will have a new market for their fast-developing industry. The hard-pressed grower of the valley will jingle some real coin in his jeans and his banker will breathe easier. It has remained for the social workers to view the situation with anything but delight.

Recently the new cotton lords met in the Bank of the Southwest assembly rooms in Los Angeles to consider common problems. One paper particularly impressed those of the social workers who attended. It was written by a young man named "Jack" Millar, head of the big Oakland cotton mills and also head of the California Manufacturers' Association.

"We must have," he said, "what we could term a cotton manufacturing atmosphere, and by that I do not refer to climatic conditions, but to the surrounding influences that cooperate with the development and success of the cotton industry." He then explained what cotton atmosphere means. "In Alabama, for instance, any new mill pays no local taxes for five years. . . . The Massachusetts minimum-wage law exempts textile workers," etc.

Now, California has been proud of its labor code. Certain bulwarks have been built against corporate greed and, with the possible exception of Wisconsin, California leads all other States as a pioneer progressive commonwealth. The result is that for living conditions among its workers it stands first. Are these standards to be exchanged for the privilege of nursing into power a new infant industry? Will the labor code be traded for the "cotton atmosphere"?

And what of King Cotton's retinue? In the South it consists of blacks and poor whites. In California it is more or less tacitly assumed that, for the time being at least, Mexican ex-peons will largely make up the army of pickers, ginners, loom-hands, and other servitors to his majesty. Since the war Negro migrations to the West have been conspicuous. But they pass by the cotton fields. Apparently they have turned their backs on the ancestral calling of picking the white man's cotton, and they are seeking jobs in the cities or in the fisheries and lumber camps of the Northwest. Mexicans, on the other hand, are here in numbers. More than 250,000 of them are scattered throughout the State today, toiling in section gangs and construction camps and "following the fruit" as seasonal labor. Next to Texas, California has been the Mecca of the Mexican workers. Until recently they have been seeping across the border at an estimated rate of 125,000 a year. Were it not for certain untoward developments all would be well with the big owners and employers. As the Southern Pacific's Maintenance of Ways superintendent recently said, a Mexican is an ideal worker—"he is patient, obedient, religious, and free from bolshevistic tendencies."

But two things are happening to this reservoir of cheap and patient labor. The Mexican and American Federations of Labor have entered into a "gentlemen's agreement" to halt Mexican migration, and apparently it is working. Jose W. Kelly, the Mexican Federation's American delegate, recently stated that the flow of workers across the border has virtually stopped. Although this is probably an overstatement, it is true that the pull on the southern side of the line is at work almost as strongly as the push on this side, and that the flow will undoubtedly slacken.

On the other hand, the bankers are trying to discourage big plantations of cotton such as would employ Mexican hands on a wholesale basis. With the examples of the raisin and prune men here and the Iowa corn farmers freshly in mind, they are trying to prevent the California farmer from putting all his eggs in the new cotton basket. "Diversify!" is the cry down the valleys. "A little cotton on a lot of farms" has been suggested as the slogan.

There is another type of immigrant coming into the State. These are the small Oklahoma farmers. In their second-hand flivvers, piled high with furniture and family, they have been pouring through the divides by the hundreds and joining the annual migrations of fruit pickers that swing around the State over the long harvest season. Heretofore there has been a hiatus between the grape harvest in September and the early February sugar-beet thinning and asparagus cutting. With the cotton harvest beginning in October and continuing through January, the gap will be filled and the cycle of seasonal occupation complete. Doubtless many of the new families from the Middle West will take root on small farms in the valleys.

Herein the social workers sense a new menace—child labor. The laws forbid children between the ages of eight and sixteen staying away from school, but laws are elastic things. And the social workers know all too well the ways of cotton. Loopholes in the minimum-wage law for women, women's eight-hour day, and the compulsory-education laws are certain to be sought by the new cotton capitalists. Already their spokesmen are sending out the first lines of battle with such clarions as "labor shortage," "Eastern competition," "irksome legislation." As a warning of what is coming one need only read this paragraph in a recent issue of the *California Cotton Journal* on the Thorn in Cotton:

> At this moment the labor shortage is the most serious confronting California's cotton history. Its solution must be undertaken at once. Immigration laws that levy a head tax on laborers have plugged the gateway through which the Mexican laborer had entered and child-labor laws have seemingly estopped the children from aiding. Certain growers have imported Negro labor from the South, employed it in harvesting their crops, and turned it loose to eke out a precarious existence. This system savors too much of one-man selfishness at the expense of the commonwealth. California does not want to saddle itself with a Negro problem.
>
> Well, then, what does the *Journal* suggest? you may ask. The *Journal* believes there are thousands of boys and girls in California's public schools who are without the range of the child-labor laws and who are not only willing but eager to help harvest the cotton crop. The growers, the ginners, all should seek, yes, should demand, the cooperation of the school department in this most important matter. The *Journal* has every respect for and will ever advocate a religious observance of the law, yet it thinks a way may be found to so interpret the law that when a growing industry is threatened its provisions may be legally brought to the rescue. Law is common sense. Is it common sense to ask it to save an industry from damage?

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Is China Being Americanized?

By LEWIS S. GANNETT

TWO or three Greek temples, a few structures with traces of Gothic inspiration, and a miscellany of imitation warehouses and factory-buildings stand on the campus of the Chinese government university in Nanking —an architectural hodgepodge worthy of an American State university. Half a mile away are a group of magnificent buildings with heavy black overhanging roofs curling skyward at the corners, carved banisters, and richly painted paneled ceilings, redolent of old China. They are the lovely Asiatic shell of a Christian mission college founded and supported by American Methodists.

That is typical. In fifty years the great port cities of China will have left hardly a trace of the lovely old Chinese architecture—except in the mission-college buildings and in the few joss temples which will doubtless be preserved to gratify the tourist trade. The foreign mission schools, hurriedly Chinafying themselves to meet the nationalist attack, are spending tens of thousands of dollars in adapting the old Chinese style to modern requirements. The sweeping green roofs and gaily painted beams of the Peking Union Medical College, built with Rockefeller money, are a joy to the eye. Nanking University and Ginling College for women near by are good to look upon. But in four months in China I saw only one beautiful recent building which did not owe its existence to foreigners—the Returned Students' Club in Peking, a remodeled temple; and there the students may be suspected of having learned abroad their respect for old China.

Shanghai is a great British city, of solid British masonry; Tientsin is as foreign; even Canton, which has providentially escaped the curse of great foreign settlements, is enormously proud that Chinese have actually built a ten-story building on its Bund without foreign aid; and Canton's new buildings are as foreign to China as any suburb of Cleveland, Ohio, or Birmingham, England. Peking, a capital of politics rather than of commerce, resists the current most effectively.

You can buy Standard Oil kerosene in any village in China, and British-American cigarettes. The great corporations behind those products have in a generation taught the Chinese to change their habits in order to make them buy—the Standard Oil, indeed, used to give away lamps in order to create a market for the strange new fuel. If any third foreign product is on sale in the village it may well be Wrigley's chewing gum. I saw Spearmint gum on sale in the streets of Urga, the capital of Mongolia, 700 miles across the Gobi Desert from the most accessible railroad.

Architecture and chewing gum are outward symptoms of a profound inner change. Western architecture is spreading because it is cheaper. Gum and tobacco cost less than opium. Only American church-people can afford painted paneled ceilings and bright tile roofs with gargoyle corner ornaments. The Chinese—like the Europeans, like the whole world—are abandoning old beauties and old customs for cheaper and more efficient models. They are becoming modernized, standardized, Americanized, like Japan. Mystery, leisure, charm are ebbing; cost accounting is defeating tradition.

The cult of the efficient seems a matter of course to most Westerners and almost all Americans, but to the Chinese it is a revolution. Old "China-hands" will laugh at the suggestion that it has touched Chinese psychology—but old China-hands need a vacation and a perspective. The Chinese has for untold centuries followed tradition and has believed that it was wicked to deviate from it. His young men and young women are beginning to despise custom and tradition; and his middle-aged business men, almost unconsciously, are beginning to ignore it. It was only forty years ago that the first railroad tracks laid in China were torn up by superstitious officials; today they are an indispensable instrument of civil war, as is the once-despised telegraph. The only opposition to them comes from Westernized Chinese who know how easily international politics slips into an engineering contract. Once a contract is let, there is no longer much difficulty about arranging to remove the graves that beset all the short cuts. And a wanderer through the black lanes of an old Chinese city may be surprised to discover that the squeaky Chinese music that wails to the night is produced not by a stringed instrument but by a Victor record.

Foreign railroads, manners, oil, and architecture are prevailing because they are more efficient. American wheat, when it costs a dollar a bushel in Chicago, can be landed in Hankow, ten thousand miles away and six hundred miles up the Yangtze from Shanghai, cheaper than it can be brought from Shensi, only a thousand miles away, where it may sell for twenty-five cents. Railways and steamships make the difference; no wonder they and their products are breaking the crust of old China. Foreign clothes have made less progress because, in cold weather at least, they are less efficient than the old Chinese robes. Foreign hairdressing—including the bob—is making its way among the women. Curt foreign manners are replacing the leisurely old Chinese courtesy. The streets are being widened, and the intimacy of the old Chinese workshop, opening on a narrow street and aware of all that its neighbors said and did, is disappearing. Foreign machinery is revolutionizing Chinese industry. Foreign ideas—and the railway, taking the young people away from their homes to study and to work—are breaking up the immobile unity of Chinese family life upon which the whole structure of Confucian ethics is based. Boys go away from home to study, and refuse to return to the wives of their parents' choice. In the port cities one meets sad young men who are homesick for New York, prefer fox-trotting to Mah Jong, and inquire eagerly about the Charleston.

Chinese, with their habit of explaining everything by thousand-year-old parallels, will tell you that there were student revolts in the Han dynasty, before Christ was born, but it seems to me that even the nationalism of the student movement today, passionately denouncing foreigners and all their works, is essentially a part of the cult of Western efficiency. This political nationalism, this conception of national sovereignty as a precious right to be cherished and preserved, has its roots in foreign education and practice—in part in Allied war-time propaganda. The

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old Chinese patriotism—a patriotism profounder than anything known in the West—was cultural rather than political, inclusive rather than exclusive. It was a loyalty to a civilization rather than to a state, conservative rather than aggressive. It was powerless to halt the intrusion of Western men and methods into the political and economic control of China, and was satisfied because the Westerners were so obviously inferior in the refinements of living. These young students are the counterpart of our flapper generation; flaunting their posters and banners, parading by thousands against the unequal treaties, and making soap-box speeches about self-determination, they express contempt for the passivity of their elders and of repeating a lesson learned from abroad. Theirs is not the language of old China but of young Europe. When it defies us most violently young China is most certainly expressing its determination to be like us.

China is so picturesque, so obviously different to the outward eye—her people are so readily distinguished from the Westerner by the color of their skin and the tilt of their eyes—that we are tempted to make her out more different from us than she is. I once asked an Asiatic scholar how the East could preserve its essential Orientalism while submitting to industrialization; he replied: "I don't think there is anything peculiarly Oriental and Occidental. There is merely medieval and modern." China has been separated from us through four thousand years of recorded history, and has developed what seems a very different civilization. Yet much which we call "Chinese" or "Oriental" is to be found in our own Middle Ages. When the Chinese have a network of railroads—which will inevitably break up the old village economy—and good roads and rapid local transit, other differences will fade and disappear. We may discover our essential likenesses too late. And then the problem, for the Chinese as for us, will be how to regain those essentially medieval virtues which China still has and which our restless, mobile, industrialized West has lost.

Meanwhile the process which has reached its apex in bustling, rushing, goalless America goes on. There is, as yet, no power in China to stop it. Men may prate till doomsday of the enormous inertia of the vast rural masses of China; the fact is that, like the peasants of Russia, they have only inertia—no active, creative force of their own. The great central force which has maintained China's identity through fifty centuries is her worship of the past, but the mechanical superiority of the present has already proved its power to defy that ancient citadel. And as the other civilizations of antiquity crumbled when their beliefs decayed, so the old China is yielding to the new West. What happens in the port cities of China today will happen throughout China the day after tomorrow. The feverish, abnormal life of those cities has a significance out of all proportion to their share of China's four hundred and fifty million people; the rest of China too will adopt the Western—or modern—method of working hectically while it works, and of playing madly while it plays; it too will forget the Chinese—or medieval—knack of combining work and play so that long hours seem short. The port cities are a hint of China's tomorrow.

[*Lewis Gannett's next article on China, I Never Liked Missionaries . . ., will appear in* The Nation *for July 28. Other articles will follow.*]

Justice in Georgia

By ELBRIDGE COLBY

IN the town of Americus, Georgia, there is temporarily quartered a portion of Company K, 24th Infantry (colored), of the regular army. These doughboys have left their rifles and soldierly equipment many miles away and are temporarily in Americus to dig iron pipe out of the site of the now-abandoned Souther Field for transport and reinstallation in Fort Benning, where the wooden water mains are rotting away.

On September first of last year a white night watchman in a lumberyard had his "dinner" brought at about ten o'clock by his wife and child. They came down a street through the Negro section of the town, past a crowd of Negroes congregated in front of a dance hall; as far as can be discovered they were not molested or accosted in any way. About an hour later, the family of three walked up the street, on a sidewalk eight feet ten inches wide. On the curb, with his back to the sidewalk, talking to another colored soldier of the same regiment, stood Private Smith, known as one of the best-dressed and best-behaved men in the 24th Infantry; he was wearing the uniform of the United States Army. The night watchman, named E. J. Fulbright, kicked him from behind in that part of the anatomy usually employed for seating purposes, kicked him into the road, and exclaimed: "Get off the sidewalk." The sidewalk, you will recall, was eight feet ten inches wide. The kicker declares that the soldier turned and said: "Who's going to make me?" Six other witnesses declared that Smith said nothing. In any event, Smith was unarmed. He made no threatening gesture. And yet night watchman Fulbright drew a gun and shot the soldier dead on the spot.

Although the offender was indicted he was not kept in jail in spite of the charge of murder against him. Three months later came the trial. The general argument for the defense was to the effect that the jury knew the law and knew they were sworn to defend the law, and that any Southern gentleman would have done the same as did the kindly family man named Fulbright. Great stress was laid on the fact that this was a "Northern nigger" hailing from Montclair, New Jersey. A Mr. Fort, serving as attorney for the defense, recited the events of the years from 1860 to 1865 with many oratorical flourishes. He even referred with tender feelings to "our sainted and beloved commander, General Robert E. Lee."

Late in November another colored soldier had visited his permanent station at Fort Benning and while there had stolen an army automatic. At the time of the Fulbright trial he was in custody of the sheriff for carrying concealed weapons, and was also awaiting trial by a court martial for the pilfering of the pistol. Neither he nor his offense had anything to do with the Fulbright case. Yet, because the prosecution might emphasize the fact that Company K at Americus was unarmed and doing fatigue work, he was brought into court by the sheriff and seated near the jury, with the automatic dangling conspicuously. His name was not mentioned. No apparent reason existed for his appearance in that court at that time except a desire to prejudice the jury.

The proceedings of the court were signalized by the

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tremendous amount of chewing and spitting of tobacco that went on, and by the fact that all windows were kept tightly closed, just as if there were a law in Georgia that courts must suffocate justice with foul air.

Some officers of the army, legal advisers and higher commanders of the killed soldier, came to court to listen to the proceedings, wearing the uniforms which all officers are supposed to wear when on duty. Their uniforms brought forth many a slurring remark about "those damned Northern officers." It was observed, by persons present, that the watchman accused of murdering the soldier had an intelligence and an appearance far below that of the average Negro soldier in the army. It was thought by some that the neat and soldierly appearance of Private Smith might possibly have been the provocation of the attack.

The verdict? Is there any question that an attack upon a Negro soldier would result—in such a court and in such a community and in such a State—in anything but an acquittal?*

Women in Guam

By M. S. LEA

AS late as the fifteenth century a woman of Guam was free to have as many children as she wanted. This was because a woman who was capable of bearing a great many children was looked upon as a paying investment by the young buck who chose her to be his wife. She was sent in early adolescence to the living hall of the island bachelors with the purpose of testing her fecundity; and she went every year until she was twenty-five years old or thereabout and usually possessed a large and active family to help her with her farm by the time she was married. The more children she possessed the more desirable she appeared in the eyes of homing men, for their number denoted her popularity and charm as well as her actual money value.

The Spanish priests, chancing upon the island with Magellan in the sixteenth century, knew no rest until they had remedied this state of affairs. After the wars which gave them the land had ended they set about definitely to establish the doctrine of the church of Spain. The native form of government was destroyed and the cross raised to stand among the palm trees on the tiny coral shore. The Spaniards were kindly, after their military authority was acknowledged, in matters pertaining to childbearing in the cross's shadow. Women no longer began their ordeal as little girls, and they were safely and immediately married with church rites in as many cases of natural pregnancy as was possible. Where this was impracticable the matter was overlooked. Life on the island was simple and a thatched dwelling hut, with its accompanying animal household of cariboos, pigs, and chickens, often sheltered a man several of whose children were in reality his grandchildren, where mothers accepted the responsibility for their daughters' lapses from grace, and the padres gave absolution to everyone provided church attendance was good. There were many ways in which Spanish rule in the South Seas was brutal and neglectful, but to the family it seems to have been uniformly lenient.

After a decade of American rule Calvinism began reaching voracious fingers toward the beaches of Guam. The day of the padres was passing. Round-stomached friars with ruddy faces and flapping frocks continued to pace the streets benignantly offering the crucifix for the passerby to kiss, but there was an insidious whispering of rational thinking in the air. Rational thinking made its appearance finally in the ascetic flesh of a Baptist missionary, who, with the funds of his church, engaged a bleak little house on the beach road and endeavored to lure into it such of the natives as he could induce to accept austere discourse in place of high-church ceremonial. Perhaps they did not know what the discourse was about more than they knew what the ceremonial was about. Some of them may have gone from a love of novelty, and it is likely that he gathered in many who, for reasons of their own, were escaping the ire of the priests. His meetings made a poor showing and his influence was thought to be negligible, but in the end it was felt.

Filomena was my maid. I recall clearly that day on which she stood before me, her crooked eyes glistening, her blunt hands quivering where they were crossed upon her stomach as she said, "Ah, m'am, can do go mi rancho good afternoon? I ask you plees!"

"Oh, Filomena," I replied, "that is three holidays in two weeks. Last week it was to get ready for a Novena, and this week it was for a saint, and now——"

"M'am," said Filomena humbly, "mi bullock have got babee cow!"

I was not the person to come between Filomena and a young thing. She spent the afternoon at her rancho admiring her talented bullock's offspring; for to a Chamorro all cattle are bullocks and to Filomena the young of all the animal kingdom were babies. Yet no man would marry her. Her eyes were crossed and her body was queerly built and clumsy. Moreover she loved human young things to distraction, and they and the church were her economic undoing. What passion she could spare from the one she lavished upon the other. What love and holiness she could borrow from the other she spent upon the one. She was everybody's godmother, and the office of godmother carried with it monetary responsibilities. Gifts of layettes were involved, and ornaments of cloth and paper flowers, beautifully fashioned, to decorate the altar for the christening. Likewise a fat pig for the christening supper. All of these things Filomena provided; bent above yards of muslin and cheap lace bought at the trading shops she concocted snowy, fine-sewn petticoats and caps and dresses. Baskets of pink and white and yellow roses bloomed under her skilful fingers to come at last to the old cathedral beyond the plaza, where, massed against the wine-red calico curtains at the back of the altar, they gleamed delicately in porcelain arabesque.

But the real joy of her work for her foster children

* The author has discussed the full legal implications of military personnel in State courts in an article in the Georgetown *Law Journal*, for January, 1926.

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lay in acquiring little pigs, later to be the gustatory delight of the older, craftier recipients of her largesse. Too poor to buy pigs of her own, other people gave them to her when a sow died and they would otherwise have been abandoned to death by starvation. Then Filomena took them to her broad and kindly lap and fed them with a spoon. How many scores of little pigs she brought to adulthood in this manner, how many tens of hundreds of spoons of milk she must have put into their squealing mouths, would have proved a neat problem in figures.

"Ah, m'am!" she would cry, "have got plenty little pig for take care of now! The ol' mother ain' no good no more!"

In her judgment of human mothers she was exact and critical. One sensed a cunning trying out of popular opinion in her comments; she would look a little curiously with her one straight eye upon the person she was addressing and say without adornment of her speech, "You see dat 'oman, m'am, she ain' no good! 'Ave got babee, no 'ave got 'usban!" There hung in the air about her a fine suggestion of parrots and catechisms, her crooked eye wandered, her thick fingers crossed themselves in restlessness upon her stomach.

My cook, who was a lanky native man of nearly thirty summers, put the public point of view concerning Filomena very simply. He said, "Filomena, she's crazee." Filomena seemed crazy to him. He had six babies, to four of whom she was godmother, and when the seventh arrived he would not even leave the plaza, where he was playing baseball, to go home and look at it.

"A little boy was here asking for you, Joaquin," I said.

"Das nothing, m'am," said Joaquin. "I fin' him. My wife she say have got nodder babee. I see him tonight."

Babies were a matter of prose to the wife of Joaquin. There had been a time, probably, when she had been round and slim and golden-skinned, with eyes like black moths and hands delicate and slender. She had worn her camisa, with its embroidered pattern, like a lovely dragonfly about to set sail across ponds of hyacinth. Her feet were like little cats and followed each other as silently and lightly under her trailing skirt. Joaquin had seen and loved her and now she had seven babies. Next year she would have eight.

That Filomena would have liked eight babies there could be no possible doubt, although it was unreasonable to suppose that she would ever have them. Yet all that happened seems to me today to have been inevitable when viewed in the unvarying sagacity of retrospect.

It happened that that year I became ill with a lingering infection and for months lay in the flimsy government hospital, built lightly of boards to sway with typhoons and earthquakes, watching the tops of palm trees through the small, high window and listening to the drone of surf along the black reef fringing the lagoon. Service among nurses on the hospital staff was irregular and hospital fare unpalatable, and Filomena came and went like a soft, brown bumble-bee, bringing me bowls of soup from my own kitchen, padding about on sandaled feet, the tail of her bright skirt following her like the whisper of an ave; for she had forever about her the breath of prayer.

What was it that blinded my eyes to what I was later to learn had been the jest of the old capital town for weeks? I can only offer that I was spellbound by the palm trees, by their silver surfaces under the sun and moon and their surreptitious, steely chatter in the trade winds. Filomena was always squat. Indeed, the women of the South Seas have such round figures that only a person occupied with such speculation would be apt to notice much change in them in pregnancy.

One night at midnight the head girl among the native apprentice nurses, a pretty, yellow wench called Luisa, came to me on the pretense of taking my temperature; saying laughing beneath her breath, "M'am, das bery fonee 'bout Filomena."

"Filomena?" I said sleepily, "Filomena?"

"Filomena have got babee," she said slyly. "Born tonight."

"What rot!" I said sharply. Despite her protests I took the thermometer from my mouth and sat up in bed.

"Das true!" declared Luisa.

"You're foolish," I argued with her fretfully. "Filomena can't have a baby! Filomena——" In my mind there arose the vision of Filomena's one straight eye, its honesty as she parroted, "Dat 'oman no good——" But the other looked past me, communing with a power I could not see.

Morning brought no lightening of the nightmare, for nightmare it was in that island so rapidly being translated into terms of harshest Anglo-Saxon morality. Filomena had long been in the employ of Americans attached to the naval base at Guam. She was well known in that stratum of native society spoken of among the white people as the slipper gang. Her blood was crossed with the blood of Spain, and she was Spanish trained. And now she had a son out of wedlock of whom her people were newly, bitterly ashamed. All this and more I learned from the tittering Luisa as she arranged my breakfast tray beside the bed. Filomena, whose life and substance had been spent for other people's children, had no money saved with which to buy clothes for her own child. She had been shut in her room by her senile old mother, a wrinkled hag whose youngest daughter was said to be her granddaughter, and refused companionship or assistance of any kind.

Distracted I thrust a gold piece into the giggling yellow girl's hand. "Send her this quickly for me," I said to her. "Tell her to get whatever she needs. Tell her that I'm coming to see her as soon as I'm well." And Luisa fled from the room to deliver the money and spread the story of my own depravity.

At ten o'clock the missionary's wife called to see me. Her small, white face was taut with mixed feeling, she pulled a chair to my bedside reluctantly as one having a distasteful thing to do. She spoke first of my health and I admitted great weariness of body and spirit; whereupon, the formalities dispensed with, she left me as a topic and fell upon her point. In tones that rivaled the chattering palm leaves in steeliness she asked me what I knew of Filomena's child.

"Nothing," I told her, "utterly nothing."

At that she scrutinized me with sharp unfriendliness, but I was very young and very ill, and obviously she concluded either that I was a fool or lied.

"What," she asked next, "are you going to do about it?"

It hadn't occurred to me that I was expected to do anything about it. It did not even occur to me at the time that the missionary's wife was impertinent, although I had never, to my knowledge, set eyes on her before that moment. I responded honestly, for I was alive with memo-

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ries of Filomena's baby cow, her baby pigs, her graceless, profiteering baby godchildren, that I had sent her a sum of money. Then I turned my eyes to the palms for preference as she heaped contumely upon me that I had not, that morning, dismissed the native woman from my employ.

I made what haste I could to recover from my malady and on the day upon which I was released from the hospital went direct to the small house which sheltered her and her multitude of kin. At the corner of the plaza I met a friend who told me that the governor was having the island searched for her betrayer, and that a rascally old keeper of trading shops was discovered to have disappeared from the place; but these things seemed trivial to me then as, a number of years later, it seemed trivial to learn how another governor was having the names of all mothers of illegitimate Chamorro children published in the Guam *News Letter*.

It seemed to me that a fetid air hung about the house as though the thoughts of an island full of mocking, spiteful people wrapped it in a shroud. At the porch I was met by the old woman, her toothless mouth smeared with the scarlet of the betel she chewed. When I asked to see her daughter she seemed unwilling to admit me; nevertheless I inserted the toe of one foot within the crack she had opened in the door and called through the gloom, "Filomena!"

At once a sad voice answered from behind a partition, "Ah, m'am, I tink bery good you not come here!"

I thrust the old woman aside and feeling my way past chairs and a table found another door and a veritable pit of darkness. So closed was it against the sunlight that not a solitary ray penetrated to show me where she stood.

"Filomena," I begged her, "tell me where you are."

Only a sob answered me out of that pit of night. Slowly my eyes became accustomed to the darkness; I was able to make out different objects in the room. There a chair stood. That was a bureau. The long oblong under the window shutters was a table. And that—that was a crib! A low, iron crib which some former employer had given her now filled with a mass of musty bedding. No use, I concluded, to try and locate its occupant. But the woman beside it, crouching where she sat on the floor against the bars, I recognized, thick shoulders bent, soft, brown face bowed, hiding the crooked, ever-questioning eye; a figure like an image of Grief's self crying into locked hands. I put my arm about her, but she drew away from me shivering and I heard her moan, "I plenty 'shamed!"

"Filomena," I stammered helplessly, "Filomena——"

"Ah, m'am!" She cowered lower, grinding her cheek against the rusted iron of the crib.

"Filomena, let me see your baby!"

Again that pitiful plaint arose in torment to her lips and she flung out her arms to hide him from my sight.

"I 'shamed!"

"Who told you that, Filomena?"

"Eberybody, m'am! All de people—mi madre——"

From among the shadows on the floor the low voice rose brokenly, repeating the terrible, blasting things that the old woman had said, stabbing her anew with the sharpness of their venom.

I let her cry for a little, soothing her with what dreary platitudes I might, and then resorted to strategy to see the child. "If you won't show him to me, Filomena, I'll pick him up myself and my doctor will be furious."

At that she flew to slide back the wooden shutters, crying, "You too much sick, m'am! You sit down!" And so, by cunning, I came face to face at last with the cause of all the turmoil.

He was wrinkled and rather black, and I thought him unflatteringly like all of the new-born babies I had ever seen, save for his color. But I could not tell Filomena that; so I said, "He's a beauty, isn't he! Oh, Filomena!"

Swiftly she knelt at my side, for I had taken him into my lap, as though she feared that in my admiration I might covet him for my own; circling the tiny, squirming body with her arms, murmuring against his rumpled face a single, breathless word.

"Babee!"

But the next moment she had returned with a flash of memory to the bitter, familiar cry.

"I 'shamed!"

Through the open window the stench of drying copra drifted, wafted on the sensuous benediction of the trades.

The Cock

By JAKE FALSTAFF

Give me a hot summer,
Says the cock,
With the prints of hooves in the caked hogwallow
And the yellow dust smooth as water on the road.
Give me a hot sun to bake the leaves
So the caterpillars will fall from the pig-hickory
And the pinch-bugs walk wobbly on the flagstones.
Give me the blue sky cloudless
So I can spot the hawk at the horizon,
Giving the calls that the hens know,
Making them run to shelter.
Give me the heat rising over the stubble
And the sparrows threshing the shock.
A hot day and a cool dusk,
Says the cock,
With the swallows gibbering under the muddy eaves
And the bats blundering around the dinner-bell.
A hot day, says the cock,
And the hens wallowing in the dust-puddles
And the chicks running stiff-legged after butterflies.
I will forsake the hen-house
And roost in the apple-tree;
In the morning I will fly
To the reel of the binder and crow.
Give me the flowers swooning in the sunshine,
The spiders growing fat in the box-stall,
A hot summer, a hot summer,
Says the cock.

In the Driftway

LIKE a good many other persons who do not believe that this is the best of all possible worlds, but would like it to be such, the Drifter occasionally gets discouraged about what is called the labor movement. He sees the labor but he can't always make out the movement. Then again in more optimistic moments the Drifter discerns progress. One mark of progress, he thinks, is the emphasis

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placed by modern labor organizations upon educating the children of workers in proletarian philosophy. Heretofore the goal of ambitious workers has been to educate their children for "something better," in the course of which the best young minds have mostly been lost to the proletarian cause.

* * * * *

THE Drifter has remarked with interest on the part taken by children in the strike of the textile workers in and near Passaic, New Jersey, where the younger generation has furnished the shock troops in various parades and demonstrations. To some it may seem that these children have been exploited by their elders—that they have been used as window-dressing and advertising matter when they should have been playing hop-scotch or marbles. It all depends, the Drifter thinks, on whether the hearts of the children have been in the strike, or whether the young folks have been used as unwilling or indifferent actors. Those who have seen these children testify to the genuineness of their interest, and the Drifter has lately read a composition on the strike, written by a girl ten years old, which points in the same direction. In her odd and alien English this little girl mingles snatches of the phraseology which she has heard at labor meetings with her own vivid and personal impressions. She writes:

> Our life are very miserable as I know. Our parents were compeled to work very hard, long hours, under fears and cruelty, for so little wages they were not able to make human living for us and themselves. Our parents were compeled to work very hard, not only in the mill but they was work exhaustly at home also. They awaken early morning to get ready on time to work, to prepare all necessary for all day for us and selves. They go to grocery, make lunch, cook food, awaken us even early, to give us full instruction, warn us to be careful, what we got to do, how to use poor food and poor home. They then see if windows are nailed, gas tied with string or wire, knives forks, matches are lock up, then we are lock up too.

* * * * *

"HOW to use poor food and poor home!" A lot of the education of the worker, young or old, is just that. And those who have wondered how a mother manages who has to go off to work in the gray of the morning, leaving young children behind by themselves, may get hints from "gas tied with string or wire" and "matches are lock up." This ten-year-old proletarian then goes on to say:

> We older do what mother did, we warn our brother and sister when we hear alarm clock ring we leave them to school and turn come to guard on themselves. Imagine our mothers and fathers at mill their double work, double think and double fears. Our parents return home exhausted to work again at home, to make warm supper and order. But let me tell you that ours parents return to us overworked, gloomy, find us at home crying, hungry, food all over floor, chair upside down, ours dresses torn and some one are hurt or sick. What is then? Whos punish is that? Who is that? What for is that? For whom is that? Where is that?

* * * * *

THE Drifter will not try to answer those six staccato questions. Who can? But children who at ten years of age are pressing such queries will not be likely at twenty to forget the workers' cause for "something better." For our young writer speaks from experience.

> I proof that all on my selves. I was locked up at home that time I was six years old. I guard my brother four years and sister two years. My mother was working at Botany mill till got completly exhausted and knocked to bed. My mother cannot work hard now. I am ten years now but never forgotten that days.

* * * * *

IT is tragic that a child of ten has to look back upon bitterness which she cannot forget, but it is more tragic that many so easily forget that such bitterness exists. America suffers from too great prosperity and too much good-nature. The American labor movement will have more motion when it is inoculated with some of the bitterness that now distinguishes European proletarianism from our own.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Negroes and Artists

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Langston Hughes, defending racial art in America, forgets that the Negro masses he describes are no different from the white masses we are all familiar with. Both "watch the lazy world go round" and "have their nip of gin on Saturday nights" (love of strong liquors is supposed to be a Nordic characteristic). If there is anything "racial" about the spirituals and the blues, then there should be immediate ability to catch the intricate rhythm on the part of Negroes from Jamaica, Zanzibar, and Sierra Leone. Such is not the case, and we must conclude that they are the products of a certain American environment: the South. They are American folk-songs, built around Anglo-Saxon religious concepts.

An artist, it seems to me, is one who, able to see life about him, and, struck by its quick interchange of comedy, drama, and tragedy, attempts to portray it or interpret it in music, poetry, or prose, on canvas or in stone. He can only use the equipment furnished him by education and environment. Consequently his creation will be French, British, German, Russian, Zulu, or Chinese, depending on where he lives. The work of the artist raised and educated in this country must necessarily be American.

It is the Aframerican masses who consume several millions' worth of hair-straightener and skin-whitener per annum in an effort to reach the American standard in pigmentation and hair-texture. This does not look as if they did not care whether they were like white folks or not. Negro propaganda-art, even when glorifying the "primitiveness" of the American Negro masses, is hardly more than a protest against a feeling of inferiority, and such a psychology seldom produces art.

Atlanta, Georgia, June 21 GEORGE S. SCHUYLER

Escaping Seventh Street

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: No person with an innate love of justice can fail to be greatly heartened by the thought that the colored race is producing men like Langston Hughes.

But isn't Mr. Hughes a bit impatient with the growing intelligentsia of his race? After all, what is racial experience but the expanded spiritual history of the individual? For a man to deny his own soul and try to mold himself after the pattern of someone else is pathetic, of course, but, oh, how human and understandable!

Mr. Hughes revels in the colorful and inspirational aspects which the Seventh Streets (the colored ghettoes, so to speak) present to the artist. But he must not forget that the Seventh Streeters are filling the schools and universities with their children. When these youngsters emerge from the crucible of

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education, would Mr. Hughes have them go back to Seventh Street? It wouldn't be human of them, would it, not to want to move away from Seventh Street, in order to build new worlds for their wider horizons?

Washington, D. C., June 25 DOROTHY FOX

Brown-Skinned Nordics

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is encouraging to read Mr. Langston Hughes's article in *The Nation* of June 23. He has manfully tackled a subject which hitherto could be discussed only within closed doors.

I can quite well remember the distressful reaction manifested by one member of a theater party, comprising young Negroes, a few years ago, when it became known that tickets had been secured for a Negro Broadway play. Imagine any one going to see Negro artists perform! And so this pale, emotionally repressed caste, too proud to breathe the rhythm of life and too childish not to warm themselves at its glowing spontaneity, lives daily under a yellow mask of illusion.

Mr. Hughes would have us believe that Negro art would be possible if this brown-skinned Nordic could be eliminated; but he fails to see that in our present environment the development of any true Negro art remains an utter impossibility. Where is the motif, where are the symbols, where is the sympathetic background upon which every true art develops? I am constrained to agree with Mr. George S. Schuyler that Negro art "made in America" is only a myth. All this noise is strongly charged with commercialism. Negro art is not possible on a soil alien and entirely unsympathetic to its germination and development.

Yet the budding Negro artist must struggle on despite the handicaps and the mushroom minds within his group, for the struggle is more joyous and more pregnant with real life than its abandonment. He must never tire to bellow and write and laugh the brown-skinned Nordics from a place of recognition.

New York, June 28 HEADLEY E. BAILEY

Where the Battle is Fought

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: How in the name of Hank Ford can a Negro or a Jew or a Chinaman or even an Irishman escape his environment? Especially when that environment is the most insistent the world has ever known; pounding like an obsession at the ears and nerves and brain—America the gigantic?

The Negroes are not quite as isolated in America as were the Jews in Russia. And yet, even before the Revolution, the younger Jews were Russianized, were quite different from German Jews or American Jews. Even our old orthodox Jews, prisoners of ghettoes, were differentiated when they came from Salonika or from London or Prague. Environment had changed them even in the ghettoes.

If Negroes think they can build up some special racial culture in this huge America, they are either optimists or are blinded by race patriotism. It can't be done.

I have known little Chinese flappers in San Francisco, one generation removed from the joss-house, who rouge, wear silk stockings, read *Snappy Stories*, and do the Charleston. One sees hundreds of them on the streets there. If the young Chinese-Americans develop a poet, would it be proper for him to go back to Confucius and forget America? He would be as futile and reactionary if he did as some of our white poets who try to escape their age by sentimentalizing among the tombs. We Negroes, Jews, Germans, Chinese, Anglo-Saxons are all part of America, for better or worse. We are citizens of a new age, bloodier yet more hopeful than all the ages of the past.

The only real division is that of economic classes. Negro bosses will exploit and oppress Negro workers just as Jewish bosses at present exploit and beat up (with Irish police clubs) their racial brothers who happen to be poor and on strike.

But what does this young crop of Negro intellectuals know or care about the great mass of peasants and factory workers of their race? Nothing. Almost nothing. Mr. Hughes believes with the white dilettantes that jazz and the cabaret are the ultimate flower of his people. I wish he would go out to Passaic and see a few black heroes on the picket-line, some of them captains over the white workers, the two races working as brothers in a non-racial problem—that of poverty and American culture. If the Negro intellectuals really care for their race they will forget the cabarets and colleges for a while, and go down into the life of their own people. It will make them better Negroes and better artists.

There are Negro themes, enough for a lifetime of creative activity. But white men have handled them more effectively thus far than the Negroes themselves. Eugene O'Neill has written the best play of miscegenation and Vachel Lindsay the best poetical rendering of the African primitive strain. Black men may do better some day, not because they are black, but because they are artists. Meanwhile, the field is not closed; it is open to everyone, as the Jewish life has been.

And the black race will play a great role in American history, not because it is black, but because ten million black workers will join the white workers in the unending battle for a free, civilized, and socialized America, against the black and white money-grabbers.

The Negro intellectuals can do a fine thing for their race. They can leave the cabarets of the jaded dilettantes and the colleges of the middle-class strivers, and help the mass of their brothers in the economic fight. The cultural future of the Negro soul resides in this battle, Brother Hughes, and not in Africa, Harvard, or the bootleg cabarets.

A last thought. In this battle, as I have observed him, the black worker thinks, feels, and acts very much the same as the white, yellow, or red worker the world over. Only he uses the Southern dialect.

New York, June 27 MICHAEL GOLD

Real Indians in the Real North

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In "Mantrap," his new novel, Sinclair Lewis maligns our Canadian Indians. He represents them as burning and destroying the store and home of an independent fur-trader at Mantrap Landing, a Hudson Bay post in the hinterland of Saskatchewan. Every one knows that the Indians have been peaceful as a prairie sunset ever since 1885. The humane treatment has appealed to them, and in any case they are nature's gentlemen. The bad Indians are an invention of the fiction writer.

It might have been Lewis's to kill with one mighty blow all the romantic lies and misconceptions of an heroic North. There are heroes up there, but they are not smooth-faced boys rescuing mysterious girls from hard-bitten rogues and scoundrelly half-breeds. They are serious men—missionaries, traders, police who go about their business as a matter of course. Sinclair Lewis's portrait of Joe Easter, the one redeeming feature of the book, shows that he has felt this. But why did he vitiate the real merits of his story by half-baked romanticism *re* Indians and half-truths *re* the Mounted Police? He must have noted even during his short stay that the real police work in Saskatchewan is done, not by the Royal Mounted but by the provincial police, an efficient body of men if ever there was one. Yet the only policeman in "Mantrap" is romantically a scarlet rider. "Mantrap" is just another exploitation of Canada as background when Senegambia or the moon might have done just as well.

Regina, Saskatchewan, June 15 AUSTIN BOTHWELL

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E. L. Doheny, LL.D.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: An outdoor commencement at Loyola College, Los Angeles: A raised platform, and on it many men in cap and gown; others in the somber and gay garments of Mother Church. For each honorary degree an announcement is made, setting forth the accomplishments in the arts and sciences of the individual honored. The apologia for Edward Lawrence Doheny was, I thought, rather labored. I followed it as far as it went—then blazed my own trail of thought.

Because he was born in the State of Wisconsin,
Enduring its freezes and thaws,
And because he has come to the land of Hi Johnson,
We make him a Doctor of Laws.

Because, when he toiled in New Mexico's clime,
He came to the bar for a season,
Because he has picked up a lot in his time
Besides Blackstone and logic and reason,
Because he has gathered with seldom a pause
And because and because and because and because,
He must be a Doctor of Laws.

Because he observed that whatever he found
He could keep for himself: that the oil in the ground,
Be it shallow or deep, belongs to the finder:
And that here a retainer and there a reminder
Would always find plenty of flaws—
What firmer, what saner,
What stronger maintainer
Of justice and jailings and jaws,
Could ever be Doctor of Laws?

Los Angeles, June 7 TAM RUADH

Contributors to This Issue

HENDRIK W. VAN LOON has written and illustrated several books, the latest of which is "Tolerance."

GEORGE W. NORRIS, Republican United States Senator from Nebraska since 1913, was reelected in 1924 despite the fact that he did not leave Washington for his campaign, make a speech, or spend a cent.

MAX STERN is a staff correspondent for the Scripps-Howard Newspaper Alliance.

LEWIS S. GANNETT, associate editor of *The Nation*, recently spent six months in the Orient.

ELBRIDGE COLBY is a captain in the United States Army (Infantry), stationed at Fort Bennington, Georgia.

M. S. LEA was at one time assistant editor of the Guam *News Letter*.

JAKE FALSTAFF is on the staff of the Akron (Ohio) *Beacon Journal*.

J. SALWYN SCHAPIRO is professor of history at the College of the City of New York.

R. F. DIBBLE is the author of "Strenuous Americans" and "John L. Sullivan: An Intimate Narrative."

ERNEST GRUENING, former managing editor of *The Nation* and of *La Prensa* (New York), has spent much of the last three years in Mexico.

DAVID S. MUZZEY is professor of history at Barnard College.

HARTLEY ALEXANDER, author of "Manito Masks: Dramatizations with Music of American Indian Spirit Legends," is professor of philosophy at the University of Nebraska.

The P. O. Censor as Gropper sees him.

Note his shears behind his back. That means he decided that the

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Books

Further Commandment

By LEONORA SPEYER

Thou shalt not choose affliction;
Saying: Of this I lack,
This worthy grief I still can bear
On my submissive back;
Or: This small visitation
Fits nicely in my pack.

Thou shalt not choose affliction,
But take the one that comes;
Greet it with sigh or psalmody,
With swords or funeral-drums;
Or like Jack Horner in his corner,
Relish the bitter plums.

First Glance

ONE must say of Llewelyn Powys that he writes well—that, in fact, each new book from him, so short and yet so full, makes it more probable that his is permanent prose. One must also say, both in explanation of this fact and as evidence of its importance, that he seems to have invented the kind of book which he should write. Doubtless among all the books in the world there are several in the mode of those by Mr. Powys on Africa, England, Europe, and the United States; but I do not remember any now, and at any rate I am convinced that the effort he must have put forth in order to discover—perhaps create—his precise medium was the authentic effort of an original soul. Few modern works in any art have given me purer pleasure than that which I have got from Llewelyn Powys's "Ebony and Ivory," "Black Laughter," "Skin for Skin," and now "The Verdict of Bridlegoose" (Harcourt, Brace: $2.50).

This new volume is fed by memories of the five years which Mr. Powys spent in America. But nothing could be more stupid than the expectation or the hope—or the fear—that the author herein has passed judgment upon our land and us. To be sure, no less than always before he is as frank as an adder about his dislikes and as direct as a puppy in the expression of his likes—my images are inspired by a practice of Mr. Powys himself, who never loses an opportunity to compare a person with an animal, and who in these two hundred pages has invoked for the purpose "detestable malt-weevils," "frantic whistling mice," "an old salamander," "a green-hooded snake," "a barn-door owl," "a little red flea on a nipping frosty morning," "a red-legged Palestine jackal," "a wood-pigeon cooing over its two white eggs," and "a dry old stationary heron." He hits off many a knave and many a zany, and he rises to magnificent praise for a few magnificent specimens—Theodore Dreiser, John Cowper Powys, C. E. S. Wood—of a race which he confesses it is "extremely hard to think of as noble." And he delivers himself of generalizations concerning us which are interesting because acute. But it could never have been his intention to pronounce a "verdict" upon America. His hunting ground is wider and wilder than any mere continent crawled over by human beings. What he judges here as elsewhere is the principle of existence itself.

What Mr. Powys thinks of existence it would be impossible to repeat in temperate terms, for he deals in extremes—in the two extremes which exactly meet in any fine and experienced imagination. He is convinced that life is stale and brutish; yet he is continually finding it fresh, amusing, and lovely. He believes nothing and nobody—voluntary poverty, a tireless critical faculty, and the disease which furnished the subject of "Skin for Skin" have seen to that; yet he is continually giving himself to persons and things determined in their innocence to take him captive. He knows the world is bad, and he feels that it is good. In a word, he is one of those happy, unhappy men who have worked their feet down through the slush of opinion until they stand on fairly solid ground—in his own words, on "Eternal Matter, bereft of divine innuendoes but capable still of sustaining, after its sublime manner, the fearful and wavering soul of man." Hence these books of his, books in which everything touched—man, star, and beast—responds in its own clear voice.

MARK VAN DOREN

A Labyrinth of Trickery

International Anarchy, 1904-1914. By G. Lowes Dickinson. The Century Company. $4.

NOTHING is more depressing than diplomatic history. It is written either by bitter partisans who can interest only those that agree with them or by historians who record the facts of diplomacy as if they were always inevitable. An undertone of pessimism pervades the work of the latter. They assume that the moves of diplomats are always dictated by conflicting national interests the outcome of which, sooner or later, must be war.

Mr. Dickinson's book is a new kind of diplomatic history. The central theme is the calamitous outcome of a system of international relations called international anarchy—"the juxtaposition of a number of states, independent and armed." Unlike other histories of diplomacy this one is concerned chiefly with the fundamental aspects of international relations, not with the policies of this or that nation. No more impartial account has yet appeared of the diplomatic background of the World War. Not the slightest trace of partisanship, conscious or unconscious, to be found on any page. Mr. Dickinson unravels diplomatic mazes with the simplicity of one who has conquered his material, and the style is felicity itself. Like his master, Plato, Mr. Dickinson is artist as well as teacher; he, too, has the power of charming his readers into the paths of knowledge.

The first portion of the book is devoted to a general description of the European situation, especially to armaments, the balance of power, and the policies of the Great Powers. Diplomacy was the only means yet devised to prevent the "cosmos from plunging into chaos." And a most ineffective means it proved itself to be! Secret in its ways, dishonest in its methods, having no power behind it save that of the nation of the negotiator, it created an atmosphere of distrust and fear which was provocative of war. All the nations practiced the same methods, and the result was a labyrinth of trickery. The coolness with which a nation could double-cross, even triple-cross, an ally was due less to calculation than to fear. The fundamental principle of diplomacy was the balance of power which, however, was an invitation to war, not to peace.

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The Triple Alliance of Germany, Austria, and Italy was a classic example of the old diplomacy. Its treaty contained secret clauses. Its object, acclaimed defensive, was aggressive: to aid Italian aggression in North Africa and Austrian aggression in the Balkans. Germany promptly sold out Austria by making a secret arrangement with the latter's enemy, Russia. Italy sold out Germany by making a deal with France. Austria remained loyal to her allies; she had no one to whom to sell them. One part of the Triple Entente was based on a definite treaty, the Dual Alliance between France and Russia; the other part on the Entente Cordiale between England and France. According to all accounts the Entente was not an alliance but a "gentlemen's agreement." Mr. Dickinson is skeptical, and well he may be. The idea of a "gentlemen's agreement" between nations is absurd for the reason that nations are not gentlemen. England and France did have a treaty to support each other in North Africa. England and Russia did have a treaty to support each other in the Middle East. England did have "military and naval commitments to France which were like a suction pipe to draw her, whether she would or no, into the war." If France went to war with Germany the status of Morocco might be seriously affected. If Russia went to war with Austria it would certainly involve France and Germany. How then was England "free" to act? The so-called Triple Entente was as much an alliance as the Triple Alliance. It was devised to lull the British public into the belief that their government had not committed the country to an alliance against Germany.

The second portion of the book describes the international crises that succeeded one another in rapid succession. As Europe was divided into two great coalitions no dispute could be "localized"; a quarrel between two Powers immediately drew in their allies. Like a Greek chorus Mr. Dickinson appears at each tragic scene—in the Balkans, in North Africa, in Asia Minor—to comment on the situation. Always his theme is the lack of a super-national machinery with power to compel the nations to arbitrate their difficulties.

The Powers were "ready" in 1914. Mr. Dickinson's treatment of the great crisis is a masterpiece of objective historical writing. He does not point to Germany as the guilty nation; neither does he apportion the guilt nicely among the belligerents. According to the author the war was not desired or willed by any of the belligerents; it was the outcome of the "anarchy of armed states pursuing by war the maintenance or the extension of power." They all strove for peace, but the strivings of diplomats for peace after they have brought about a situation that leads to war is all too familiar. Every nation acted as it did by force of circumstances.

England, even more than the other nations, urged a peaceful settlement. Did not Sir Edward Grey from first to last strive for peace? His efforts came to naught largely because of his ambiguous statements in regard to England's commitments to France. At no time did he declare bluntly that England would support France against Germany, as did Lloyd George in his famous Mansion House speech during the Agadir crisis. On the contrary he reiterated the statement that England's hands were "free," which convinced the Germans that she would remain neutral in case of a conflict. Poincaré, nothing if not downright, told the British that if they refused to intervene war would be inevitable. In regard to Belgium Grey was equally ambiguous. He said plainly enough that England would intervene if the neutrality of Belgium were violated, but when the German Ambassador asked him whether England would keep out of the conflict if Germany respected the neutrality of Belgium Grey declined to give him any assurance in the matter. There can be only one explanation of Grey's ambiguities and shiftings: he had to assure the British public that Britain was free to intervene or not to intervene, and at the same time he had to assure France of support against Germany. He was helped out of his difficulty by the colossal blunder of Germany in violating the neutrality of Belgium. And yet the legend of Grey persists. Even Mr. Dickinson accepts it, though he is careful to point out Sir Edward's shortcomings. What an advantage it is to be an English gentleman and a lover of nature!

"What little puppets knocking away with Lilliputian hammers the last stays that restrained the launch of the great deathship War!" exclaims Mr. Dickinson. The senile Francis Joseph and his reckless Berchtold, the imbecile Czar and his tricky Sazonov, the grotesque Kaiser and his stupid Bethmann, the envenomed Poincaré, the fumbling Grey! Where were the Napoleons, the Pitts, the Talleyrands, the Metternichs, those war-makers who could inspire a Hardy to write the "Dynasts"?

At the Peace Conference only one man, Wilson, repudiated in its entirety the system that resulted in the World War. He saw clearly that the evils of secret diplomacy and the balance of power could be abolished only by a League of Nations. And he clung to the League ardently and desperately. What solution does Mr. Dickinson propose? The only possible solution that has yet appeared, the League of Nations. "All the States," he declares, "must enter the League. The legal openings left for war must be closed, as was provided by the protocol. . . . There must be arrangements for an equitable distribution of important raw materials and the abandonment of protective policies. And above all, there must be general, all-round disarmament."

J. SALWYN SCHAPIRO

'Sblood!

The Saga of Billy the Kid. By Walter Noble Burns. Doubleday, Page and Company. $2.50.

The Rise and Fall of Jesse James. By Robertus Love. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.75.

GONE forever are the incandescent days of the dear dead West. Where once the slinking coyote and the furtive rattlesnake were supreme in endless solitude the all-conquering Hereford now chews her placid cud; the great open spaces are chopped up into dull little ranches or city lots open principally to radios and Fords; the sweat-toughened pick of the Forty-niner has suffered a sea-change into towering oil-derricks; the crack of the six-shooter finds a ghostly echo in the thud of Spalding's spheres against bats or mitts; and the picturesque profanity of flaming frontiersmen has paled into the flatly verbose curses of the football coach. Briefly, a rip-roaring wilderness has become a tame, dirty back-lot, and what was once a dashing, devil-may-care hombre is now (save in the movies) only a mere man. But Romance, bless her heart, must not be allowed to die; and at this very moment scores, and possibly hundreds, of Underwoods and Remingtons are busily clicking down lurid tales about the embattled deeds of black-eyed, black-bearded, black-souled Bad Men, from Galveston to Seattle, who strive, invariably without success, to prevent heroic Him from rescuing virtuous Her. Of late a few writers have made more subtle attempts to revive the glittering past. They have sedulously ferreted out the cloudy, entangled episodes in the lives of epic demigods whose gallant accomplishments are today feebly plagiarized in a monotonous flood of horribly printed Western magazines; and so, almost simultaneously, appear two books that chant two glowing cantos in the Odyssey of the Frontier.

For surely Jesse James and Billy the Kid committed deeds that, strummed on Homer's lyre, might easily have matched the stormy wanderings of Odysseus. One cannot help wondering, indeed, whether the crafty Greek rogue might not have extricated himself and his band with far greater expedition from some tight places had Billy or Jesse been there. What chance would one-eyed Polyphemus or a whole crew of nasty suitors have had against a Kid who killed a jackrabbit or a man with equal nonchalance—it was all in the day's play—and who,

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trapped in a blazing building, surrounded by half a dozen men holding cocked rifles aimed at every avenue of escape, rolled a cigarette and, wanting a match, waited till a huge piece of blazing roof fell within a foot of his head, bent and lighted his cigarette with the comment, "Much obliged," then dashed outside with a forty-four in each hand and, leaving one dead and another sorely wounded enemy behind him, escaped without a scratch? Could Odysseus have thought up a better retort than Jesse may have been the author of, in rebuking a Protestant bishop who objected to losing his watch? "We don't really like to compel a parson to do our bidding, but we are poor men for the time being, sir, and the world owes us a living. As to your watch, you really don't need it; your Master the Nazarene never owned one. And as the good Book commands you, when traveling, to take along neither purse nor scrip, we propose to put you in good standing with the Lord. Therefore, parson, shell out!" And might not Odysseus have learned Christian gallantry from these two modern desperadoes who never deigned to dally with pliant Circes on desert isles? For history solemnly assures us that Jesse and Billy each loved but one woman: Jesse was a happy husband and father when Bob Ford's treacherous shot whizzed rearwards through his skull, and Billy's boyish heart—he was only twenty-one—was pierced by Sheriff Pat Garrett's bullet before he had virtuously led his solitary inamorata to the altar. In other ways, too, they belied the hallowed traditions that have been woven about the generality of bold, brave, bad men. Neither was particularly large nor good-looking; both had hair blond enough to satisfy the most egregious Nordic; Billy was left-handed, and Jesse—in a whisper be it spoken—was bow-legged, had granular eyelids, and was a Baptist fundamentalist long before the term was invented.

Both of the present books are competent performances, but the "Saga" surpasses the "Rise and Fall" as much in its style as in its title. Mr. Burns wisely neglects to give definite data for a history that, by its very nature, cannot be positively authenticated; and if he occasionally verges on melodramatic tears (his hero's grave, we are informed, is perfectly bare today save for "a gnarled, bristly, heat-cursed cactus crawling like a snake across the heart of Billy the Kid"), his work nevertheless constantly impresses one with its relative aloofness and its lucid sincerity. Mr. Love, on the contrary, habitually tries to differentiate between fact and fiction, with the result that the reader generally accepts the fiction and doubts the fact; his dreadfully jocular journalese ("But, perhaps you are asking, what about Jim Cummins, recently introduced and suddenly sidetracked? Impatient friend, Jim Cummins will keep until the more serious business of this bloody but not thundery opus is transacted") has about as much detachment as a calliope, and Jesse thus remains a palely ineffectual hero not much superior to his brother Frank or any of the Younger brood, whereas the dry bones of Billy the Kid are fleshed with life. Both works suffer from too much padding: whenever the sisters, cousins, aunts, uncles, or casual companions of either scapegoat are mentioned a wealth of tiresome biographical detail ensues. But why cavil? Here are two books packed with a greater quantity of romantic dynamite than a ton of average detective tales. R. F. DIBBLE

A Century of Misunderstanding

The United States and Mexico, 1821-1924. By J. Fred Rippy. Alfred A. Knopf. $5.

THE periodic crises in the relations of the United States and Mexico invariably disclose an almost total ignorance on the part of our people and press of the immediate causes of the difficulty. A wretchedly inadequate and inaccurate news service to the American press from the Mexican scene and the governmental habit of diplomatic secrecy are responsible for this general lack of information. Nevertheless, a more or less definite public opinion in regard to Mexico has always existed in the United States. During the past century this has been alternately hostile, aggressive, interventionist, and mildly tolerant. At present it has crystallized into a friendlier and more sympathetic attitude than ever before. If this national state of mind, so highly desirable for both countries, is to be maintained, facts which are facts, unbiased information, and intelligent interpretation are increasingly necessary.

Professor Rippy's conscientious and detached review of neighborly differences provides an admirable foundation. Packed into its well-documented pages is an accurate and readable account of a century of misunderstanding. It is depressing to note how constantly recurs the same motif, how virtually identical are the utterances of statesmen and politicians on both sides of the border in every crisis, how automatically the newspaper comments repeat themselves, and how unvarying are the ambitions and intrigues of those financially affected. The French aphorism, "Plus ça change plus c'est la même chose," tellingly describes this international relationship. On neither side does much, if anything, appear to have been learned. And yet the United States stands today in a new and unprecedented world position, while in Mexico a fundamental transformation is in process. Professor Rippy leads us to the threshold of these changes, for the scope of the book, while including the diplomatic correspondence until 1924, does not permit an analysis of the social reforms which have been brewing south of the Rio Grande for a decade and a half. His excellent survey should be read above all by newspaper editors and by those who desire to make an intelligent approach to what in this country is denominated "the Mexican problem" and by our neighbors is felt to be "the Yankee peril." ERNEST GRUENING

Bryan by His Wife

The Memoirs of William Jennings Bryan. By Himself and his Wife, Mary Baird Bryan. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Company. $3.75.

ON the sixty-sixth anniversary of Bryan's birth the House of Representatives devoted two hours to speeches eulogizing the Commoner. Mr. Tilson of Connecticut struck the true note when he characterized Bryan as "a genuine crusader." The volume before us fully bears out Mr. Tilson's contention. It is a tribute by a devoted wife to Mr. Bryan as a good husband and a Christian gentleman. It is rather a glorified scrap-book than a serious biography. Chapters on the children, on friendships, on Mr. Bryan as a college student, an orator, a traveler, a story-teller, a total abstainer follow one another without any apparent plan. Perhaps a hundred pages in the book are concerned with matters of significance to the historian, or indeed to the public in general. Although the first 200 pages are written in the first person, as the bona fide "Memoirs," one cannot be sure that even for them Mrs. Bryan is not more responsible than her husband. She confesses to having "polished" them, whatever that may mean. Mr. Bryan was never a careful and methodical writer. From his first battle to his last plea against evolution, his pen was only the servant of his mouth. He relied upon "presence" and the spell of oratory to win his point rather than upon the calm persuasion of reason. At any rate Mr. Bryan's part of the book brings us only to the convention of 1912 (with many hiatuses), and we have to depend wholly on his wife for the interpretation of Mr. Bryan's policies as Secretary of State and his part in the conventions of 1916, 1920, and 1924. The only chapter in the first part of the book that throws any new light on Bryan's career is the long apology for his conduct in the Baltimore Convention of 1912. It is

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hardly of a nature, however, to convert many of the followers of Champ Clark.

Mrs. Bryan assumes direct responsibility for Part II. She is certainly better qualified than many wives would be to write the memoirs of her distinguished husband, because she always took an active interest in his problems and shared his labors and confidence to a remarkable degree. She attempts a more consecutive narrative than Part I furnishes, relying on her diary and on memorandums and letters left by Mr. Bryan. But Mrs. Bryan's work is so obviously and naively a "tribute" to her husband that it has little value as an objective study. There is something pathetic, in view of the revelations cast by the House Papers on the cavalier fashion in which Mr. Bryan was ignored as Secretary of State, in Mrs. Bryan's naive rejoicing that "many are thankful that the peace-loving Mr. Bryan is at the helm"! And there is something misleading, at times, in her justification of Mr. Bryan's actions. For example, she says that after the sinking of the Lusitania "Mr. Bryan took the position that, in order to maintain strict neutrality, we must send a note to England protesting against her interference with our shipping, as well as one to Germany for destroying the Lusitania." As if we had not been sending such notes to England for some months. Again, in defending the resignation of Mr. Bryan in June, 1915, she cites the famous House memorandum discussed with Grey in February, 1916, as a contributing cause, remarking: "Obviously, these conditions made the position of the Secretary of State extraordinarily difficult." She also maintains that the second Lusitania note was "very much softened" in the final draft, "just before Mr. Bryan's resignation took effect," but that "he had no knowledge of this change at the time his resignation was tendered and accepted." This conflicts with the testimony from several sources that Mr. Bryan was present (in spite of the proffer of his resignation) at the cabinet meeting in which the final text of the note was agreed upon. But these matters of state, after all, occupy only an incidental place in Mrs. Bryan's personal narrative.

DAVID S. MUZZEY

Mayas, Greeks, and Cambodians

Maya Architecture. By George Oakley Totten. Washington, D. C.: The Maya Press. $25.

The City of the Sacred Well. By T. A. Willard. The Century Company. $4.

Mystery Cities. By Thomas Gann. Charles Scribner's Sons. $5.

Elephants and Ethnologists. By G. Elliot Smith. E. P. Dutton and Company. $6.

"THE Greeks of the New World" is a phrase which I seem to recall having myself in a moment of incaution applied to the Mayas of Central America and Yucatan. But when I encounter it in others, employed with a high seriousness which I trust can never have been mine, it gives me certain pause. The Maya civilization was the most outstanding in pre-Columbian America; it did resemble the Greek in the multitude of its notable cities and in their inability to form a stable nation; and like the Hellenic culture the Mayan has left a notable array of architectural ruins, profoundly impressive, and of artistic fragments in sculpture, pottery, painting, gems, and gold-work. The Mayas also present an analogy to the Greeks in the more abstruse field of science, for none can deny that their numeral-calendric system is one of the remarkable intellectual achievements, and there have even survived three of their hieratic books (out of the many thousands of volumes burned by zealous devotees of the God of the Spaniards) which compare favorably as works of art with the best out of Egypt, and which represent, we have reason to believe, a liturgical, historical, and scientific literature of no less value. In the prime fields of human achievement the Mayas mark a true civilization and a great moment of time.

But Greeks—that is another matter; for the best in the Maya is as inferior to the Hellenic as the level of the New World as a whole was to the Old World of Columbus's day or perchance as it is in our own. Were we to compare the Mayas only with the ancient Orientals, and indeed all that went before the Greek miracle befell, then the Americans would certainly suffer little, and might carry the palm, but Mr. Totten and the Maya Society and the other enthusiasts (including myself) should habitually utter a little prayer for the preservation of the white light of sanity before we launch unrestrainedly into the movement for a Maya Renascence.

Hence it is that we (and, perhaps, Mr. Morley and Mr. Spinden and Mr. Joyce) should take blithely to the Cambodians. Elliot Smith is really thinking of Cambodian ambassadors (such as I recall years ago when "Wang" was sung), ambassadors of culture, in pirogues and outrigger craft, bee-lining it across the Pacific to teach the native savages to carve makaras and elephants on their shrines (makaras being more or less lizards and more or less elephants); and to make the lesson vivid he shows analogies that take us progressively back to the pyramids and stepped temples of Babel, and permit us to be comfortably (albeit adventurously) monogenetic in our myth of the origin of human ideas about how to do and to decorate. There are puzzles which the Cambodian embassy theory—even if the ambassadors traveled by relays, a century or so to the lap—ravels out. But, per contra, we mustn't forget our Greeks and the landbridge via Atlantis; for from what other source, I should like to know, did the pre-Columbians get the Phrygian cap and the caduceus of Mercury and the thunderbolt of Jupiter? As for the Roman cross, a dragon-fly, a tree, a man are all safe sources.

It is rather fun to see the Mayas breaking through the staid reports out into press-agented books. In the pile before me Mr. Totten's is a really notable collection of plates—the finest that have appeared since Maudsley and the Peabody Memoirs (to both of which he is indebted). Whether its effect will be, as he hopes, a new blossoming of Maya architecture, this time north of Mexico, is a matter for betting, and the odds need not be great, for the possibilities are genuine. Certainly, the artists and architects should add the volume to their libraries and the images to their imaginations. They should be cautioned that the text is unscholarly and sadly in need of an editor, but it is the plates, not the text, that make the book, and the bibliography is full. As for the eight color plates—well, there is a difference between barbaric color, which is often beautiful, and color-blindness, and I do not believe that the Maya were so hopelessly inferior, say to the Apache, in this sense. The eight plates may be excised with no loss.

Of the others Mr. Willard's book tells the story of Thompson's years of work at Chichen Itza and Mr. Gann's tells principally of excavations at Xunantunich and Lubaantun carried on by himself. Interesting plates and a great deal of personal narrative, sentiment that not infrequently topples over into the purples, archaeological enthusiasm, snakes, scorpions, and jaguars—all these sugar the science or spice it. They are books that belong to a distinct genre highly developed of late years—in the same character as the news service that introduces the screen show, but just as much better as a literate drama is superior to a film-play.

Elliot Smith's two-year-old book I have introduced because he is carrying the war into the enemy's camp, and that is always good sport; there has been too much tame concurrence. Besides we are looking for a new book from his pen. For the reader subject to sudden captivations I should recommend a suspense of judgment, at least until we have the remaining parts of Jacques de Morgan's posthumous "Histoire de l'Orient," of which the first volume appeared last fall.

HARTLEY ALEXANDER

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Americana in Brief

Some American Ladies: Seven Informal Biographies. By Meade Minnigerode. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50.

In May, 1925, the good citizens of Nashville, Tennessee, held an indignation meeting at which Mr. Minnigerode was publicly branded as a "coward, liar, cur, and rascal" on account of a recent magazine article on Rachel Jackson. This particular essay, together with five other sketches of Presidents' wives or near-wives, now appears in book form. It is evident that the wrathful Nashvillites might, after all, have made out a very substantial case against the author. They might have pointed out the abundance of stale tricks that have become commonplaces of the "new" biography: the labored attempt to appear "informal," the boredom of stereotyped sprightliness of treatment, the strained and hectic narrative tone, the excessive number of paragraphs beginning with "And," and ending thus. . . . Mr. Minnigerode might—and sometimes does—write naturally and forcefully, but he seems destined eventually to be classed as a third-rate Guedalla; and one closes the pages of his handsome volume longing to feast again upon the rounded serenity of Plutarch or the long, rolling thunder of Gibbon.

Caleb Heathcote, Gentleman Colonist. By Dixon Ryan Fox. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.

The prevalent interest in antique American furniture seems destined to extend to antique Americans. First came gorgeous Lord Timothy Dexter, and now comes sober Caleb Heathcote—English emigrant, trader, wealthy resident of Scarsdale, Mayor of New York (when its population numbered about 6,000), and staunch Anglican. His various activities are meticulously detailed in a rather pompous and solemn-faced manner that does not belie the frontispiece of the hero; furthermore, one-sixth of the book properly consists of notes. It is a valuable document for students of early colonial history, and the members of the Town Club of Scarsdale, to whom it is dedicated, ought to be proud of it.

Winthrop Papers. Volume I, 1498-1628. Boston: The Massachusetts Historical Society.

Of the Winthrop manuscripts, "the largest of known private collections on the early colonial history of English America," selections only have thus far been available in print, chiefly in Robert C. Winthrop's "Life and Letters of John Winthrop" and in the publications of the Massachusetts Historical Society, now the custodian of the collection. The definitive and complete edition, of which the first volume has just appeared, promises to be one of the most notable of the long list of documentary publications for which the society is to be thanked. The contents of the present volume have to do with the early history of the Winthrop family in England, and presumably contain about all of the papers prior to the launching of the Massachusetts enterprise. In addition to a mass of data illustrative of social conditions in England in the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries, students of the Puritan character will find some interesting revelations of John Winthrop's religious and moral views in the records of the minute self-examinations to which he subjected himself. The editing, for which Mr. Frederic Winthrop appears to be responsible, is masterly, and the format the handsome one which the society has for some time been giving to its publications.

Origins of the Whig Party. By E. Malcolm Carroll. Durham, N. C.: Duke University Press. $2.50.

Professor Carroll has made a notable contribution to the history of American politics from the time of John Quincy Adams to 1840, the period in which old party lines disappeared and new parties gradually emerged. What is principally stressed in the narrative are the intrigues and maneuvers, all unsuccessful, of Adams, Clay, Webster, and their friends to organize a presidential campaign which should give them control of the government. It is at least a chastening reflection to observe that victory, when it came, was attained by the sacrifice of political consistency to appeals to popular emotion, the Whigs in this respect taking a leaf from the book of Democratic experience under Jackson. Only the national aspects of the story, however, are emphasized, the growth of Whig organization in the States being but lightly touched, and the fortunes of the party in the South, already treated with some fulness by A. C. Cole, are summarized rather than elaborated.

The Formative Period of the Federal Reserve System. By W. P. G. Harding. Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.50.

The exigencies of the war combined with some obvious needs to give the Federal Reserve Board practically all of the important powers which a central bank would have exercised directly and in plain view. The present volume by the "War Governor" of the board may be taken as the official *apologia* for its course in the war and as a good account of how in modern times war and financial activities are tied together.

Die Kunst der Massenbeeinflussung in den Vereinigten Staaten von Amerika. Von Friedrich Schoenemann. Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt.

The purpose of the author, who during the war was a teacher of German at Harvard and who at present lectures on American civilization at the University of Münster, is to explain to Germans the nature of American war propaganda, not only in order to show what actually happened but also—curiously enough—to teach Germans a lesson in undaunted patriotism and unity of action. The presentation is made with skill and accuracy, although the German point of view naturally prevails. Of the pillars of American propaganda the following are discussed in detail: the schools, the church, women, the press, the moving picture, polite society, and social and political organizations. The book is important chiefly because it gives a clear, authentic conception of the basis upon which German post-war opinion of America must rest.

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International Relations Section

What Is the British Empire?

THE South African Premier, General J. B. Hertzog, speaking at Stellenbosch University on May 15 on The Relationship of South Africa to the Empire, made something like a declaration of independence. His speech is of peculiar importance to Americans because of our proximity to Canada and of the "Six-to-One" debate on the representation of the British Empire in the League of Nations. General Hertzog referred to a speech made last November by his predecessor, in which General Smuts said that the future existence of the British Empire could be assured only by maintaining imperial unity in foreign relations. General Hertzog then said, according to the *Cape Times* (Cape Town) for May 17:

The full significance of this principle, with all that it implies, will, I think, be better understood by looking back over the struggle for international freedom by the self-governing Dominions of Great Britain, more particularly the Union of South Africa.

With the grant of self-government, from time to time to one or other of the Dominions, the question has repeatedly arisen as to its scope, i. e., as to what is implied under self-government. It is obvious that the Dominion concerned, continually striving for freedom and the satisfaction of its national aspirations, had to put the widest and, for itself, the most favorable construction on its powers and authority.

In almost every case, therefore, the grant of self-government has been regarded by influential leaders of public opinion in the Dominions as an emancipation from hitherto existing bonds of subordination to the United Kingdom, coupled with a definite grant to that Dominion of autonomous power and authority, also in regard to the outside world and its relations with foreign Powers.

A Common Sovereign

According to this opinion each Dominion is, by virtue of its self-governing constitution, created a free, independent state, with the right to international recognition by foreign Powers; but with a common connecting link between itself and Great Britain, centered in the King. This mutual connecting link should, therefore, be regarded as no more than an actual—de facto—personal bond, without any legal or constitutional subservience to any authority other than that of the sovereign will of the people of the Dominion concerned. According to that opinion, therefore, each Dominion, by virtue of the self-government granted it, would be on the same footing with Great Britain, as a sovereign, free, international state; and, apart from the personal bond of their common sovereign, there would be no bonds between them other than those which may from time to time be agreed upon. Therefore, all unity among the Dominions themselves and between the Dominions and Great Britain must originate in agreement and cooperation.

This doctrine, to which I have subscribed ever since the establishment of the union, has not been without its opponents either here or elsewhere in the Dominions. . . .

Before Versailles

So far as I am aware, the principle of independence of the Dominions, binding themselves to Great Britain by means of the personal bond of the King, was never accepted by any of the Dominion governments as such before 1919. Whatever may have been the opinion of individual ministers, in this or that Dominion, governments, like that of the union, carefully avoided advocating it, and never endeavored to put it to practical test; excepting in a few instances where, under force of circumstances, they were compelled to move in that direction and act in accordance therewith.

They were constantly possessed by the fear, to which I have just drawn attention, of the disruption of the Empire, and they knew of no means of avoiding this danger other than by the acceptance and even the defense (as was the case with the Government here) of a status of subordination to and dependence on the United Kingdom. Not everywhere did this fear lead to the acceptance of the doctrine of subordination to such an extravagant degree as with us. But fundamentally the attitude taken up by the various Dominion governments has been the same, viz., rejection of individual state independence.

One of the consequences of this has been that nowhere has any attempt been made by any of the Dominions to obtain formal recognition of its international status by foreign Powers.

Britain's Attitude

That no encouragement has been given thereto by Great Britain is a matter of course. What is more natural than that she should likewise harbor the fear which the Dominions and Dominion statesmen so obviously allowed themselves to be influenced by? . . .

In all fairness we should admit that, considering the opinion of the majority in the Dominions themselves, the British Government in general took up a correct attitude toward the Dominions and acted patriotically toward Great Britain. Where justice has not been done in this respect to the Dominions, the responsibility rests with the Dominions themselves and with their responsible leaders, who, sometimes, as here in South Africa, took it upon themselves to declare that we were not entitled to a measure of freedom expressly assigned to us by eminent British statesmen.

The result was that until the conclusion of the Versailles Treaty in 1919 it was in practice as well as in theory the general opinion in government circles that the Dominions, notwithstanding the possession of self-government, were, nevertheless, subordinate to Great Britain and had no rights in regard to matters of foreign policy.

It speaks for itself that there was no lack of experts and others to show that on legal and theoretical grounds this was exactly as it should be; that self-government to the Dominions did not in any way create these Dominions independent states, and that they could, therefore, have no right to an international status.

Meanwhile this subordination of the Dominions to Great Britain drew more and more attention, and disclosed to an ever-increasing extent the dissatisfaction of the people of the various Dominions. When thus at the outbreak of the great World War the Dominions suddenly appeared on the battlefields as belligerents, fully armed, the international significance thereof could not be concealed either from the Dominions themselves or from the outside world, and as the full significance thereof increased it necessarily led to an awakening of the people, and no less of responsible statesmen, to a measure of international self-consciousness, such as never had been the case before.

That it was therefore no longer possible to continue to accept the doctrine of Dominion subordination to Great Britain was generally felt and accepted when the time arrived for the conclusion of peace. The Dominions, by what they had achieved during the war, had not only become fully conscious of their international status but they had also been put on their guard, by their bitter experience and sacrifices, against being compelled to repeat these sacrifices, in the matter of a dispute to which they had been no party, and between Powers with whom they, as presumed subordinates of Great Britain, had no voice and enjoyed no right of expressing their views.

When, therefore, the war was at an end and peace had to be concluded the Dominions had to decide whether, dominated by the fear of disruption of the Empire in case they accepted the status of sovereign states, they should continue to adhere to the

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position of subordination or whether they should accept the independent status of international states. Urged on by the additional fear which they had felt during the course of the war, namely, that their position of subordination might again plunge them into a war in the prevention of which they had no say, and spurred on by their awakening to national self-consciousness, the Dominions could no longer be satisfied with their former status, as hitherto exercised.

To satisfy this new insistence on more right of action in matters of foreign policy, they had necessarily to take up their stand on the basis of international freedom and independence. This was, in fact, done by the statesmen who represented them at the Peace Conference.

The course adopted by these statesmen is peculiar and deserves our attention.

1919 and After

This brings us to the second period—the conclusion of peace in 1919 and thereafter.

It is clear to me that the unambiguous and sound course which our statesmen should have followed there should have been that of the recognition of the personal bond of a common King with Great Britain, without any other legal ties, but strengthened by such further ties as historical contact, common interests, and mutual agreements as the will of the people of each separate Dominion might have been prepared to approve of. The leaders of the Dominions at the Peace Conference were, however, not able to carry their convictions as far as that. The furthest they would go was to effect a compromise between the viewpoint of Dominion independence and that of Dominion subordination.

To obtain this, the idea of the unity of the Empire group was created, according to which the Dominions, in foreign affairs, would be on the same footing as Great Britain; while at the same time no one, not even Great Britain, should have the right to act as a separate state entity in international affairs. In order to arrive at any decision in international matters, or to take any action, it would be necessary that the group should discuss the matter as a single unit, and as such arrive at a decision. A doctrine was, therefore, created according to which each of the Dominions, as well as Great Britain, would be individually subordinate to the group as a fictitious state Super-Power or supreme state authority.

The question might be asked whether, according to that doctrine, the decision of the majority of the group was to be binding on the minority. There is no reference made to this anywhere. It seems to have been simply assumed that there would and could be no minority. The argument appears to have been: the group must decide as one unit: therefore, the group will be unanimous.

Group Unity

On this basis the Dominion statesmen, after consultation with those of Great Britain, arrived at an agreement during the Peace Conference, and accepted the doctrine of a "free and equal status"; and when the peace treaty itself had to be signed, an endeavor was made to give expression thereto, in different ways, one of which at once strikes the attention. This was the manner in which the treaty was signed by the Dominions.

The idea of the unity of the group with subordination of the Dominions to the group had, of course, to replace the old theory of unity by subordination to Great Britain, which had to be sacrificed as obsolete; and, as in the case of the rejected theory, the impelling motive for the adoption of this idea was—the fear of disintegration, accompanied by the all-too-anxious desire to find a preventive in what must necessarily, if adhered to, result in nothing less than a quasi-federal Empire, with the highest authority vested in the Imperial Conference; where in case of difference Great Britain would of necessity, by virtue of her powerful world influence and world interests, be the decisive voice; while in international affairs she would be considered as the only internationally recognized state of the group.

Let us now consider whether in practice the idea of the unity of the group has answered its original purpose, or whether matters followed a different course, as just indicated.

The main objects it was intended to achieve were originally two:

1. The recognition of the Dominions as independent international states.

2. The assurance of the continued existence of the Empire by united action in foreign policy.

What has become of these objects? I think I am not saying too much if I maintain that so far nothing more has been attained along the fresh path than a further obscuring of the status of the Dominions and an endangering of any desirable cooperation between the Dominions and Great Britain.

In order to give you an opportunity of judging how far I am right, I may cite in the first place the following:

First, concerning our status. We are informed in the press that in the Portuguese Senate a question was asked on the 4th instant concerning our international status, as the result of a statement on the subject which I had recently made in Parliament. After a certain Senator had expressed the opinion that "the union could not be considered an independent country," the Minister for the Colonies stated that South Africa is "a colony with large autonomy but dependent on British sovereignty." . . . In other words, notwithstanding our free and equal status with Great Britain, we remain in the eyes of the outside world subject to British sovereignty, i. e., a subordinate of Great Britain. . . .

In the second place, I wish to examine with you the question, in how far the group-unity idea proves to be conducive to the continued existence of the Empire, and therefore to what extent it answers its purpose as a remedy against disruption. Let me first of all refer to a contribution to the March number of the *Round Table* by a prominent Canadian politician, by whom in all seriousness the following question is put:

> Is there a place in the British Commonwealth of Nations for Canada, if she becomes a sovereign state precisely as Great Britain is a sovereign state?

To which question the writer answers as follows:

> This is the question to which Canadian nationalists want an answer. Obviously if there is room in the British Commonwealth of Nations for Great Britain as an independent nation, but no room for any other independent nation, Canada and the other Dominions are not nations, are not equal to Great Britain, but are in fact glorified colonies pretending in the face of the world to be something which they are not.

I feel convinced that when a public man of authority in a country such as Canada feels and speaks like this, all that can be said is that the principle upon which we have been engaged in building up the Empire since 1919 is more calculated to bring about its fall than to serve as a foundation for its future existence.

Reality a Necessity

It is clear that a Dominion such as Canada wishes to see in its equal status real international independence, and that if it is prevented under the regime of the existing group-unity idea from obtaining that independence it will be compelled to obtain it along a different way. The national aspirations of the peoples of the young Dominions are too forceful to be satisfied with mere appearance, where the reality has become a necessity.

But apart from the question in how far the theory of the unity of the group satisfies the national demands of the Dominions, I wish to answer the question briefly as to what extent that theory has proved to be feasible in practice.

The main idea of that theory is the united action of the group—i. e., of all the Dominions together with Great Britain—in treating with foreign Powers. No conference with a foreign Power, in which the group may be interested, may therefore take place unless all the members of the group, at least if they so desire, are represented thereon.

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But it has happened more than once that the most important international conferences have been held without proper representation thereat being granted to the Dominions.

I do not wish here to examine the reasons for this. My intention is only to state that in actual practice the two main objects of the idea of the unity of the group have proved to be failures.

Britain Recognizes Independence

The most convincing proof thereof we find in the Treaty of Locarno, which was recently concluded. This treaty has been entered into by the British Government in such direct conflict with the principles on which the group-unity idea is based that it has been found necessary to exempt the Dominions from any responsibility resulting therefrom and also to give each of the Dominions separately the option of ratifying the treaty or not. . . . The British Government, by acting as it has done, not only has for good rejected the idea of group unity as being impracticable but has also, by leaving it optional to each separate Dominion to be a party to the treaty or not, recognized that the Dominions cannot be prevented from acting in international matters as independent states.

Thereby it has finally broken with the idea of the unity of the group and group sovereignty, and we have fortunately returned to the recognition of the Dominions as international states. . . .

"Independent International States"

The fear that scared us from following this road of independence has been an idle fear. But not only idle. Dominated by that fear, we have taken recourse to a preventive against mutual conflict which today proves to be a Nessus shirt and which will tend more to wreck than to save the Empire.

If we are called upon, in our own interest, to preserve the good and intimate friendly cooperation between the Dominions and Great Britain, we are equally bound to maintain our international independence. There is, however, no reason whatever why the possession and maintenance of the one should occasion less guaranty for the safe preservation of the other. I maintain that just the reverse is the case. According as the Dominions realize to a greater extent their international obligations, responsibilities, and dangers, the feeling of the necessity for closer and more cordial cooperation between the Dominions and Great Britain will grow and convert itself into practice.

I have therefore no doubt that, if we have to return to a sound basis, we can accomplish this only by accepting the doctrine of Dominion independence, based on our rights under the constitution and recognized at Versailles by the foreign Powers of the world; and by developing on that basis any further relations between Great Britain and the Dominions, so as to give every guaranty that can be expected for permanent cooperation.

In order to act for the future in conformity with this point of view and with full international effect, something more will be required from Great Britain and the Dominions than a mere declaration of constitutional rights among themselves. That declaration will have to be formally communicated by them to the outside world.

Should any of the Dominions not be prepared to give adherence to the principle of Dominion independence, they will, of course, be free to remain constitutionally where they are or where they desire to be. But their fearfulness should not be an obstacle to those Dominions to which international independence has become an unavoidable national necessity.

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